THE ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER 1923

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THE

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A Fiscal Policy

IN our last issue we pleaded for the scientific examination of economic problems by the best expert authorities, prior to the adoption by the country of any radical reversal of our economic policy. Few are they who are really fitted by nature and training to measure the force of conflicting pros and cons, while—through no fault of its own—the proletariat as a whole is hopelessly unsuited for such a task. In a General Election violent partisanship inevitably obscures real issues, and appeals to prejudice are too apt to be substituted for reasoned argument.

As the die has been cast, we will not waste space in dwelling upon the wisdom, or otherwise, of the decision.

Those Conservatives who remain unconvinced of the merits of Protection are yet evidently called upon to vote for it as an alternative, either to Liberal charlatanism or to Socialistic confiscation, and although we regret that they should have been placed in such a predicament, we earnestly trust and believe that even the most determined Free Traders in the party will not hesitate to support the Conservative candidate.

Any scruples they may have are met by the probability that whatever fiscal policy may ultimately be framed by the Government will have been subjected to the criticism of a powerful minority both in Parliament and in the country, and will almost certainly have to be submitted to the verdict of another General Election, unless meanwhile the wisdom of creating machinery for a Referendum has been recognised.

The nation is now faced with two problems: Tariffs, and Socialistic threats of Capital Levy with Nationalisation of Industries.

These alternatives have been so needlessly entangled, one with the other, that the danger of the second has been greatly increased. We do not hesitate to emphasise the peril of the Socialistic alternative, although there is obviously a third, in the shape of a Liberal victory. We should regard this, however, as little, if any, less disastrous, since we believe that in a few years Mr. Lloyd George would be likely to achieve even more Socialistic legislation than the Labour Party themselves. Mr. Lloyd George might remain and buy continuance of power with successive panderings to the mob vote. The Labour Party would be likely to come to grief at one of the first fences. A brief spell of Labour Government could, however, hardly fail to produce the reaction and revulsion of public feeling which seem almost necessary if the nation is to regain a strong and sane political sense.

We repeat, therefore, that the clear duty, not only of all Conservatives, but also of all opposed to predatory Socialism, is to vote for a Conservative candidate and, like Mr. Baldwin, to take their chance as to Tariffs, whatever may be their views on that subject.

Readers of this REVIEW have been sufficiently enlightened as to the Capital Levy proposals by the articles which we published in October by Mr. Clynes, and in November by Mr. W. W. Paine. The fallacies and dangers involved will also be fully expounded in the Press and by every Conservative candidate. We will not, therefore, waste space upon them.

As, however, the country is about to be convulsed with controversy on the subject of protective tariffs, we will venture briefly to outline a policy upon which, in our view, all Conservatives and not a few Liberals might agree.

We find it hard to believe that any person of intelligence and some knowledge of business could doubt that universal Free Trade, under which all nations exchanged freely the commodities which they were best able to produce, would be most advantageous to all concerned.

Most Protectionists admit this, but with some reason

dismiss it as a counsel of perfection, not attainable. Two reservations may be made in favour of enabling a new industry in a young country to get on its feet, and of the protection of a few special or key industries vital to the safety of the nation in war, or for some other reason. The results of Free Trade within the German Empire after its unification, and between the several States in the American Union, are sufficient proof of this contention, which, we believe, is capable of irrefutable demonstration.

It is significant that most of the present advocates of Protection have referred to the importance of tariffs as a weapon—for securing reciprocal Free Trade. If, therefore, consideration of the question commences with recognition that, as an abstract economic principle, Free Trade is sound, and that protective tariffs are but a means to an end in certain circumstances, substantial agreement on a policy, even between those who have hitherto regarded their views as mutually irreconcilable, is more possible.

We entertain little hope that Free Trade " all round " is likely to be achieved by treating the tariff as a weapon of retaliation. There can, however, be no doubt that many hostile tariffs would quickly yield to the threat of retaliation, and to that extent not only would trade benefit, but the convinced Free Trader would have obtained a solid *quid pro quo* if he voted for a tariff upon the understanding that reciprocity would always be conceded. In reciprocity, therefore, is to be found one hope of reconciling all but the " whole hoggers " of either side.

We believe that there is another aspect of the question seldom elaborated, in which common ground might be discovered. The red rag to the Free Trader is not so much the tariff as the word " Protection," with its traditional implication of artificial exclusion and uneconomic increase of the price of commodities. It implies a further violation of economic law, namely, the hot-house protection of certain industries at the expense of the community, an attempt to defeat the natural law of the survival of the fittest, which ultimately cannot succeed.

A very large measure of agreement, therefore, might be reached, if not only were tariffs imposed solely in cases where no adequate reciprocity was conceded, but if they

were, mainly at least, regarded simply as revenue duties. A certain sum has to be provided annually, by whatever means, to cover national expenditure. Only a doctrinaire Free Trader of the most bigoted type could object to the remission of a part, even a substantial part, of taxation under the heads of income tax, excise (a powerful cause of industrial discontent), customs duties on tea, cocoa, etc., and the imposition of an equivalent revenue duty upon the manufactures of countries which refused reciprocity. Some will, of course, object that such a policy would contravene the pure doctrine of Free Trade. In a perfect world we could dispense with armaments, and even with policemen. Indeed, we are constantly being adjured to abandon these safeguards as a step towards the attainment of perfect peace. It would be more likely to achieve extinction. We are condemned to make the best of a very imperfect world and to deal with facts as we find them, not as we might wish them to be.

Any Conservative Free Trader should be able to approve such a policy as we have indicated above without doing any violence to his conscience.

That it would not satisfy the Protectionists may perhaps help to encourage Free Traders to regard it as a reasonable compromise in a position of exceptional stress.

We have left to the last the most difficult, as it is also, perhaps, the most important, aspect of the question, agriculture.

Agriculture stands in a class by itself and would demand consideration in regard to Protection, even if there were no thought of protecting any other industry. We will dismiss one of the hardest worked arguments for its protection, namely, the need to provide food in war. For the next war will probably not last as many months as the last war endured years. Moreover, the provision of adequate grain stores at our ports is in any case overdue.

It is an incontrovertible fact that no nation can survive which has not its roots in the soil. The health and physique of the nation depend absolutely upon the maintenance of a large agricultural population. It is, indeed, the national reservoir of health. It is literally true that a

thoroughly healthy Londoner cannot be found whose blood has not been renewed within three generations from the country. The country breeds bone and sinew and muscle without that excessive development of nerves which is the curse of urban populations. The agricultural workers, the industry, and the land constitute the basic and the most important part of the State. Their ruin would be a mortal blow to the nation.

There is, moreover, this fundamental difference between agriculture and every other industry, except perhaps coal, that, while if one industry declines, or dies, its place may be taken by another, there is no substitute for agriculture. Its last fate might be cattle ranching on a large scale, with a miserable minimum of labour. In a brief preface to a pamphlet by Mr. V. A. Malcolmson, Chairman, Agricultural Section, British Empire Producers' Organisation, entitled *The Place of Agriculture in the Life of a Nation*,* which we commend to our readers as a thoughtful and brief exposition of the subject, Lord Milner wrote: "Unless we are prepared to make a serious and sustained effort to preserve it, agriculture in Great Britain seems doomed to progressive decadence. But to acquiesce in the decay of agriculture is to court national disaster."

Yet the preservation of the source of national health, although a sufficient, is not the only advantage which we should derive from the support of the agricultural industry by means of a protective tariff. It is certain that if it be allowed to fall into decay the land will be unable to contribute its present quota to rates and taxes, while the home market, which it is the aim of the Government's tariff policy to preserve for home industries, will suffer serious loss. It is extremely doubtful, as Mr. Malcolmson shows, whether a small revenue duty on wheat which would result in keeping half a million workers on the land need raise the price of the loaf at all; but even if it did, the immediate national gain would be unquestionable, while the difference, if any, could be counterbalanced by the reduction in taxation generally and in the duties on tea, cocoa, coffee, etc. Such a tariff policy, moreover, affords the chance of giving that preference to the Dominions which

* Published by Messrs. P. S. King and Son, Ltd., 2 and 4, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W., price 3*d*.

they are seeking and for which, in return, if conceded, they would probably be willing to make some advance towards the ideal of inter-Imperial Free Trade. We are told that the development of the Imperial markets offers the best hope for the future prosperity of British trade. We cannot agree, as so many enthusiasts claim, that it is the only hope, nor that for many years the Dominions could absorb the bulk of our exports. Nor is there any good reason why we should expect them to do so. The rapid development of inter-Imperial trade is, however, a magnificent ideal more likely to stir the sympathies and touch the imagination of the British people than the somewhat colourless proposals for the protection of home markets against the competition of foreign manufactures, which we understand to constitute the Government programme. There is no doubt whatever that agriculture needs help of some sort if it is to survive. If help is to be extended out of the national purse in the form of subsidies, it would, we believe, be infinitely better to give it protection by transferring some of the duties now placed upon non-competitive commodities, such as tea and cocoa, to wheat and barley.

It has been claimed that an analysis of the figures of unemployment shows that not more than 140,000, or approximately 10 per cent. of the total, are in trades which may be considered to be seriously affected by underselling in the home market. On the other hand, instances of course abound where considerable employment depends upon the imports of partly manufactured foreign goods and of industries which would cease if the supply of such goods were cut off. It is clear that by far the greater proportion of unemployment arises from lack of purchasing power, both at home and abroad, and above all abroad.

Pending a gradual recuperation of purchasing power, the obvious and only remedy is the reduction of prices, and it is difficult to see how this is likely to result from a truly protective tariff. The one clear case for such a tariff, in our view, whether it results in a slight increase of prices or not, is agriculture—the one industry which it is proposed to exclude from tariffs. To give it a dole, or bounty, or whatever it may be called, appears to us to be an evasion (however unavoidable) of a logical obligation.

In setting forth these mere outlines of a fiscal policy, we are fully conscious of the fact that each and all of them would require the most careful and patient inquiry in order that any value they may possess should not be outweighed by errors in the details of their application. At the least we trust that they may serve to show that equally honest men may favour widely differing systems of tariffs. In the suggestions outlined above there is not much room for dishonesty. A "whole-hogging" Protectionist policy, on the other hand, inevitably introduces a blight of political corruption, which in many countries has resulted in the abstention from political life of all men who value their reputation for personal honour.

Our purpose is both to suggest lines of thought which may be fruitful of good, and to emphasise the necessity of approaching such an involved and complicated problem with extreme caution. Politicians in a hurry may invent vote-catching phrases, but it is extremely improbable that they will thus reach a truly scientific solution of a question so complex as the reconstruction of our fiscal system.

While, however, doubting the wisdom, as we question the necessity, of appealing to the electorate at this juncture, we fully appreciate the sense of duty and the courage of conviction which have impelled Mr. Baldwin to take this bold course. National and Imperial interests alike depend upon his success.

The Tariff Problem

Pro and Con

At this moment of fierce controversy as to the rival merits of Free Trade and Protection, we believe that we can render no more useful service to our readers than by supplying them with the views of some of those—of either party—who, by training and experience, are qualified to speak with authority on that subject.

We append, therefore, the answers received to the following question:—

"Are you in favour of Free Trade, or of Protection, with or without reservations?"

We greatly appreciate the courtesy shown in the replies given at notice necessarily very short.

MR. RICHARD ALLEN, Deputy Chairman of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Sons Co., Ltd., Engineers, Bedford.

It is obvious that fiscal arrangements, which may conceivably have been admirably suited to the conditions prevailing some eighty years ago, are not necessarily applicable to the present time. Quite evidently they may require to be brought up to date. The outstanding economic fact in this country at this moment is the lamentable spread of unemployment. For this the proposals of Mr. Baldwin constitute the only remedy now before the public, except the monstrous policy of confiscation advocated by the Labour Party, which would be fatal to British industry, since what that industry most sorely needs is not less, but more, capital. That some modification of our tariffs might be of great advantage to certain trades is conclusively shown, for example, in the instances of the magneto and the light car industries—instances which speak for themselves with a force which cannot be denied. But, apart from the defence of employment at home, there is another point of supreme importance to be noted, namely, that the power to exclude foreign goods is as a key with which to unlock the doors of markets now closed against us. Withhold that key, and those doors will remain shut in our faces. Give it—and they will at once fly open.

Lastly, let us remember the wise words spoken by the Dominion Premiers who have recently met in conference in London, and that, though the attainment of full Imperial unity may be a goal still far removed, yet it is to be reached along the pathway of preference and through the principle of reciprocity.

SIR ALAN GARRETT ANDERSON, K.B.E., Director, Bank of England, Orient Line, and Midland Railway.

Whenever there is a glut or famine of commodities, whenever one industrial group gets too strong or too weak, an argument arises that Government should intervene in trade.

In my opinion, intervention by Government is sometimes, but not often, useful, and the less Government meddles with trade the bett The function of Government is to keep the ring.

MR. R. L. BARCLAY, Director Barclays Bank, and the Commercial Assurance Company.

I am unquestionably a Free Trader, and convinced that in the long run Free Trade is the system which will add most to the wealth of the country by increasing the profits of commerce and industry and therefore giving employment. This, to my mind, is practically a mathematical proposition to which there are no qualifications.

If, however, for reasons which are wholly dissociated from that of wealth-getting, it is in the national interest to protect a certain industry, *e.g.*, agriculture, I think the matter should be considered.

RT. HON. EARL BEAUCHAMP, President, Free Trade Union.

I feel strongly that in these days, when the electorate is educated as it never has been before, some time should have been given them in which to discuss the proposals of the Government. In a democracy such as ours, the intentions of the Government—whether they be good or whether they be bad—should always be placed before the country in order that when the verdict is announced the considered will of the people may prevail. Tactics which are intended to conceal the policy of either party are unworthy of the intelligence of the electorate.

MR. HENRY BELL, Director and General Manager of Lloyds Bank.

I would have much preferred a Referendum rather than a General Election, but that matter has already been determined.

I am in favour of Free Trade at all times and in all circumstances, except, possibly, when war rages.

SIR HUGH BELL, Bt., Ironmaster, Colliery Owner & Railway Director.

I am a Free Trader without any reservations. My Free Trade is both national and international, and it is not dependent on the Free Trade of others. If it pleases anyone to call me a Free Importer, I will not deny the accuracy of the title.

As to the mode of ascertaining the opinion of the country, I am more doubtful. A Referendum which gave a majority in favour of any scheme of Protection would carry no weight with me. I should still seek to attain that which I believe to be in the true interests of the country, *i.e.*, unrestricted Free Trade. If I hesitate about the Referendum it is because I think there may be attributed to it a higher sanction than I think it deserves.

If I may give you a trivial example, a Referendum that determined that the multiplication table was inaccurate, would not induce me to believe that seven times seven are not 49.

I should be disposed to add a fifth cause of unemployment to the four stated in the article.* For a long period of

* "The Causes of Unemployment and the Remedy," *English Review*, November.

years we have been endeavouring to persuade people that they could get something for nothing. I don't believe it is true. Everything that I know of (with the one exception of air) has to be paid for and comes out of the general product of the community. If it is given in one way, it cannot be given in another. The things given for nothing have tended to make people believe that still more things can be got, apparently for nothing. And so with a light heart, and at the end of a session, a further imposition on the funds applicable to the payment of wages is made in the guise of the Workmen's Compensation Act (Amendment Act) now being hustled through Parliament.

MR. GODFREY CHEESMAN, General Secretary, National Union of Manufacturers (Inc.).

The foremost plank in the platform of the National Union of Manufacturers has always been protection of industry from unfair foreign competition. From the evidence that we have received we can state positively that unless the miscellaneous industries of Great Britain are immediately protected against this unfair foreign competition, which is mainly coming from countries with collapsed exchanges, they will not be able to hold together much longer. Whole trades are threatened with extinction, and in the majority of instances they are trades where skilled labour is employed and big wages earned. Once they have closed down they will probably never come into existence again.

The problem of unemployment can never be tackled until our own home market is protected. Surely it should be an eloquent fact that Turkey, the only European nation which continues the Free Trade policy, is always in a chronic state of bankruptcy. Japan, who suddenly came into existence as a competitive manufacturing nation, had an open mind with regard to a fiscal system, but, after studying the methods adopted by the various countries, decided on complete protection of the industries she was building up. Germany at the present moment is protecting her home market, and we in England cannot export a single nut or bolt to that country.

These are undoubtedly the views of the majority of the members of this Union.

MR. W. F. COCKSHUTT, Brantford, Canada, late Member of the Ontario Legislature.

I read with much interest that you are likely to have an election on the principle of "Protection." It is certainly high time that something in this line was done in Great Britain, but you have such a body of blinded Free Traders over there, that it is a question if even yet you can carry the proposal by a large majority; for a policy of this kind requires the backing of the people, so that it may not be unduly obstructed in its workings. I have no doubt that an enlightened and scientific tariff policy would be a very great boon to your people as a whole and incidentally to the Empire.

MR. F. DUDLEY DOCKER, Director, London and Midland Bank, and Southern Railways.

I regret the election. I protest against Protection and Free Trade being a political question. It is a trade matter, and with this in mind

I would put into the hands of the Government a power to bargain; not necessarily to apply to specific trades, but to those where especial circumstances necessitated protection from foreign competition. Motor cars and electrical industries I would not hesitate about.

The Labour Manifesto specifically mentions the latter as one it wishes to develop. I suggest, with some knowledge of the industry, that without some form of Protection they would only be finding employment for the foreigner.

MR. A. HERBERT ECKFORD, Canadian Ranch Owner.

Mr. Baldwin is doing quite the right thing, and I believe he will carry the country on Protection. I should like to see a tax on wheat and meat, with a preference to the Dominions.

What would it matter if the people's food cost, say, sixpence a day more if, with Protection, they earned a shilling a day more? Protection would ensure work for all at good wages.

SIR HENRY GIBSON, K.C.B., Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the National Union of Manufacturers.

The question of Free Trade or Protection is one of expediency, and not principle. Whatever has been the benefit of free imports to this country for the last seventy years, the position has now entirely changed. Nearly all other countries have raised tariff walls, which shut out our exports. Since the recent Great War, owing to the fact that we have balanced our Budgets and are paying off our debt, our taxation is much higher than that of any other country in the world, thus increasing the cost of home manufactures. The free import of competitive manufactured goods from foreign countries where different conditions of life exist has caused abnormal unemployment in this country, and many trades are being crushed out of existence. A system of tariffs is the only remedy, and will afford a weapon with which to bargain.

MR. P. J. HANNON, Director of the British Commonwealth Union. Hon. Secretary, Parliamentary Industrial Group.

The profoundly disturbing factor in our social and economic life is the appalling burden of unemployment which has eaten into the vitals of the nation, and, in the absence of drastic remedy, threatens to become an incurable disease. Since the close of the Great War I have never ceased to advocate that the only permanent solution of the industrial problem in this country must be sought for in such modification of our fiscal policy as will provide:—

(1) Adequate protection for our home market, so that the ruinous competition of foreign goods, produced by cheap labour and subsidised by collapse of industrial exchanges, may not displace British labour.

(2) Generous measures of preference within the Empire, with the object of promoting the development of the Imperial estate and continuously enlarging the market for British manufactured products; and

(3) Bargaining powers through the weapon of an adjustable duty upon imports with a view to the maintenance of a definite outlet for British products in foreign communities.

MR. HUGO HIRST, Chairman of the General Electric Co., Ltd.

Essential foodstuffs and raw materials will not be taxed. In consequence, Protection will cheapen production.

Our enlarged and reconstructed works with modernised plant cannot afford the outfall which goes to foreign competitors. That outfall secured to our industries will help to cheapen the cost price of our goods.

A cheaper cost price will enable us to develop export business more successfully.

Protection will enable us manufacturers to keep our promise to secure the British worker a higher standard of living. We cannot continue present wages if free importation is continued. We must either go out of industry or let wages drift down to the low standard prevailing elsewhere.

Our pre-war competitors in export—America and Germany—have been able to attack us successfully through having their own markets secured to them.

Germany has exposed the fallacy that shipping suffers through Protection. It built up, under Protection, a tremendous mercantile marine.

Imperial trade, under Protection, will lead to a better distribution of resources and population, and lead to greater efficiency and strength of the Empire.

Protection will make things dearer only if it cures the evil of unemployment. Scarcity in labour will, of course, lead to higher wages, and in that case the greater purchasing power of the people will justify a slight increase in the cost of living.

Protection will create the largest number of skilled men for our country. Free import will send them to other countries, and leave us the unskilled ones.

Unless industry can earn sufficient to pay a high wage, a reasonable return on capital and a reserve available for development and research, we shall fall back into the deplorable dependence on foreign industries which was exposed during the outbreak of war, and which made all parties unanimously declare, "Never again!"

SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C., late Principal, Owens College.

The question of the fiscal policy of the country is now so important and the differences of opinion about it are now so great that the only satisfactory way of settling the matter in principle would have been by referendum to the electorate. Fairly definite issues might have been placed before the nation and its verdict taken on these instead of mixing them up with a number of other subjects, as must inevitably be the case in a general election. As between a Conservative and a Labour candidate, for example, the choice will not be between the policy suggested by the Government and complete Free Trade, but between that policy and a capital levy. We may object to both but think the latter worse. Or, supposing there is a Liberal candidate, the case of the elector may be no less difficult; he may agree with the Conservative Government on all other matters and thoroughly distrust the Liberals. What is he to do?

The idea of a referendum has, however, been rejected, and it must be admitted that though by no means the only question involved, fiscal policy is the main issue for the electors to decide. What considerations should guide them?

Were the question simply—is a system of Free Trade or of Protection better the answer would be obvious. Where a country has or can produce more of some commodity than it needs and another country wants that commodity and will give in exchange something which the former needs, artificial hindrances to such exchange are obviously injurious as a rule. Free Trade, too, makes for international peace. Protection tends usually to raise prices and to make home industry less efficient by removing the stimulus of competition with products coming from abroad. It is equally clear, however, that there are cases in which it is desirable for a country to impose customs duties on foreign commodities, and each of these should be dealt with on its merits. Among these cases are:—

(1) Where a foreign nation imposes a duty on English goods, it is quite right to impose a retaliatory duty to force or induce the foreign nation to remove or reduce the duty it levies to keep out our goods. Whether this can be done effectively or not depends on the character of the articles upon which it is proposed to impose an import duty. If, for example, the French place heavy import duties on English goods we might without appreciable injury to ourselves arrange to impose even a prohibitive duty on luxuries coming from France. A duty of 500 per cent. on all French wines, silks, gloves, etc., would soon compel the French to admit English manufactures on reasonable terms. We could then remove the retaliatory duty. We cannot do this when the article coming from abroad is really essential for us, as in the case of raw materials as essential food. To attempt such retaliation against America would be futile.

(2) For revenue purposes customs duties are necessary. It is surely better to levy these on manufactured products coming from abroad which are not essential to us, even if the effect is to enable the manufacturer in England to obtain a higher price than he could otherwise get.

(3) Duties may properly be used as a temporary protective measure where capital has been embarked in some industry to prevent it from being deliberately crushed by foreign firms who will raise their prices directly the competitor here has been destroyed.

(4) There are some things of such vital importance that provision must be made to secure home production to some extent, and so prevent our being absolutely at the mercy of others for our very existence.

Other cases might be mentioned, but space forbids. The true policy is to recognise that Free Trade as a general rule is good and Protection injurious, but that conditions may arise, and that there are cases in which there are good reasons for departing from this general rule.

MR. V. A. MALCOLMSON, Chairman, Agricultural Section, British Empire Producers' Organisation.

Mr. Baldwin's policy is a policy of sanity, security, and courage. It is long overdue, and there is little doubt but that, if the present

Prime Minister had shirked the issue, it would have been adopted as the policy of one, and possibly both, of the opposing factions.

We can appreciate the stimulus to vituperation which Mr. Baldwin has supplied in jumping "Mr. Lloyd George's pitch." Agriculture has been told to wait before being admitted into the Imperial circle of industrial development, and in its confidence in Mr. Baldwin it is content to do so.

SIR EDWARD MANVILLE, Coventry, Chairman, Daimler Co., Ltd.; Deputy Chairman, Birmingham Small Arms, Co.; President, Association of Chambers of Commerce of United Kingdom; Vice-President, Federation of British Industries.

In my opinion there exists evidence of an outstanding character as to the benefits of Protection to the industry of the country, as exemplified by the motor industry.

So-called private cars are protected to the extent of 33⅓ per cent., whilst commercial vehicles have no protection. In the former case, relatively prosperous conditions prevail. Factories are extended, and foreign concerns are building them here behind the tariff; whilst the prices charged to the public are almost as low as pre-war, which is not the case with any other unprotected industry.

In the latter case many concerns have gone into liquidation, immense amounts of capital have been lost, and but a tithe of the workpeople are in employment.

MR. B. H. MORGAN, Chairman, British Empire Producers' Organisation.

I see no practical alternative to the Government's policy of protecting the home market as a remedy for unemployment. It will not only give security and confidence to established industry, but induce foreign firms now supplying this market to come inside the tariff wall and start new industries, and thus also increase the employment of our people.

That Protection will raise prices and so increase the cost of production and prevent our competing in export markets, is utter nonsense. The experience of every other exporting country in the world contradicts such a theory. The very essence of cheap production is not low wages, but quantity manufactured, and that condition in industry we shall never arrive at without a secure home market.

The same principle generally operates in manufacture as in printing a book: the cost is in the first thousand copies, and every thousand afterwards would only be a very small proportion of the first.

In 1921 we imported approximately £250,000,000 worth of manufactured goods, and in the same year paid out in unemployment doles, and in the cost of non-productive works, about £90,000,000. In the £247,000,000 worth of goods imported, there was probably £100,000,000 worth of labour, which if paid to our own people would have largely solved our unemployment problem, and, what is equally important, would have prevented the deterioration of our workers by keeping them engaged in their skilled occupations.

I hope our people will not be led away by the opinions of bankers, brokers, and merchants, who are so prominent in the affairs of our country, as they are largely connected with foreign interests.

THE TARIFF PROBLEM

PROFESSOR RAMSAY MUIR.

The real issue in this election is the question whether, by any drastic and sensational device, it is possible for us to escape from the disastrous condition of trade which the reduced purchasing capacity of the world has brought about, and thus to find a cure for unemployment.

Two proposals of this kind are before the nation: both, in my judgment, quack remedies. The Conservatives put forward Protectection as a remedy for our distresses; which is as much as to say that they hope to set the currents of trade flowing more freely by putting fresh barriers in their course. The Labour Party proposes a Capital Levy, which would to a certainty (at this juncture) still further cripple our trade. The Liberal Party is jeered at because it frankly says that there can be no panacea short of the real restoration of world-peace; but it adds that ameliorative measures (in the direction of using the unemployed labour-force for the improvement of our equipment for future wealth-production) are possible on a much larger scale than has hitherto been attempted; and that a constructive policy of industrial reform is essential as a means of healing the unrest and suspicion which (by hampering production) is one of the contributory causes of bad trade and unemployment.

I am for unqualified Free Trade, not as a solution of our difficulties, but as a condition precedent to their solution. For us the essential fact is that we never can be a self-sufficient country, as America and France can; if we could, the Protectionist theory, which aims at self-sufficiency, might be arguable. The British Empire might, indeed, be made self-sufficient in course of time. But at present it takes only one-third of our external trade; if we exclude India (which refuses to have anything to do with a preferential policy) it takes only one-sixth of our trade. To put barriers in the way of five-sixths of our external trade in the hope of developing the remaining sixth would be foolish at any time; it is mere madness at a time of acute distress. Nor will it do us any good to shut out manufactured imports. The statistics show that in every case when the imports of manufactures decline, unemployment increases, and when the imports of manufactures increase, unemployment diminishes. The reason is obvious. Our imports are the payment for our exports. When we are exporting a great deal (*i.e.*, when trade is good) our imports increase; when our exports decline, the first of our imports to suffer are those of manufactured goods, because they are what we can most easily dispense with. The worst possible way of stimulating our external trade is to make it difficult for our customers to pay us; we must take whatever they can offer in exchange, provided that we can use it or sell it again.

SIR PHILIP NASH, K.C.M.G., Chairman, Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd.

The question of seeking remedies to suit the particular troubles should be regarded from the point of view of industry rather than politics, and I would like to see the Government with powers to protect industries, such as the electrical industry, against unfair foreign com-

petition, and also to have the power of bargaining with Protectionist countries.

MR. J. BEAUMONT PEASE, Deputy Chairman, Lloyds Bank.

I am in favour of Free Trade, and am a believer in the entire soundness of Free Trade principles. It is conceivable, however, that in special circumstances, and for temporary reasons, it may be expedient to take certain measures of protection, but I cannot believe that these should be of a permanent character.

MESSRS. W. B. PEAT AND CO., General Secretaries, The British Rubber Tyre Manufacturers' Association, Ltd.

We are whole-heartedly in favour of Protection. For years past we have been pressing for the same duty to be levied on imported tyres as was imposed on other accessories of motor cars and motor cycles under the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1915. Protection would enable the British manufacturer to give employment to an additional 4,000 or 5,000 rubber workers, and by reducing the profits of the foreign manufacturer would so restrict his competition in other importing countries, that the British manufacturer would be given the opportunity of securing some further portion of the available trade, with a resulting increase in British exports. With the increased output obtained, the present heavy percentage of overhead charges would be reduced and the cost decreased for the benefit of the consumer.

Protection of the British tyre industry would also greatly benefit the British cotton industry. During the year 1922 imported pneumatic tyres for motor cars contained about 2,400 tons of cord fabric, which would have given employment to many thousands of British cotton spinning operatives had the tyres been manufactured in this country.

Other trades are, no doubt, similarly situated, and we sincerely hope that the present campaign will result in an adequate tariff being placed on the imports of all manufactured articles wherever it is needed, so that the new Government may have a weapon in their hands with which to obtain better terms abroad for British industry.

MR. CONWAY ROSS, Messrs. W. A. Ross & Sons, Ltd., Mineral Water Manufacturers, Belfast.

In pre-war days I was a convinced Free Trader. Since the war I have become a fanatical Free Trader. Protection, as I see it, means the protection of one industry at the expense of another industry. You can only protect the bottlemakers at my expense, the steelmakers at Harland & Wolff's expense, the North of Ireland flax-grower at the linen manufacturers' expense, and so on and so on. Protection means that the Government is to decide into what channels business is to flow. In other words, Protection is State Socialism. My belief is that if the Government continues its present campaign it will split the Conservative Party in two and bring in again the reign of quackery. The Liberals now must regret having crippled the House of Lords.

MR. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

While I think this country in normal times, or anything like normal times, is much better off under Free Trade than under Protection, I

am inclined to think that Protection for the moment—while the exchanges of our neighbouring countries are so demoralised, and while the trade of the world is still so unsettled and uncertain—is a desirable condition for this country to assume.

MR. E. T. THORNTON, President, Bristol Chamber of Commerce.

I have always been a Free Trader up to recent years, but circumstances are such to-day that I am of the opinion that a modified form of Protection would be beneficial to the industrial welfare of this country. Free Trade in the past has been an excellent thing for our Empire, for during the past sixty-seventy years, when Europe was in an unsettled state, and was unable to manufacture her own requirements, they were open to us as a market for our surplus production, but to-day the situation is reversed.

Even if the cost of living did advance somewhat, relief would be obtained from lessening the number of unemployed, and a reduction from the sum of two million a week, which we are now paying in doles. It would in all probability lessen the burden of taxation both Imperial and local. We have a striking example of the protection of industry in the Bill as to the light motor car industry, the manufacture of aniline dyes, and in other trades.

Last, but not least, if we restore confidence in our oldest industry, agriculture, I am certain it would not only be better for the country in general, but for all those who are directly employed on the land.

MR. CHRISTOPHER TURNOR, Landowner and Agricultural Authority.

There should be nothing sacrosanct in either doctrine. At one time Free Trade may be the policy that brings the greatest advantage to the nation as a whole, at another time Protection may clearly be the right policy. For instance, when a country is in the agricultural stage of its development, Free Trade obviously should be its policy; it is to its advantage to exchange freely its food and raw materials with the manufactured goods from other countries in which urban industry is highly developed and specialised.

But when the country in the agricultural stage of development begins to develop its manufacturing side, it is another matter, and history teaches us that Protection has to be resorted to, to encourage its budding industries.

If and when that country reaches pre-eminence in industrial development, Free Trade may again be the right policy, until such time as that pre-eminence is seriously disputed and its own home markets threatened.

There is no doubt that during, at all events, most of the nineteenth century Free Trade was the right policy for Great Britain.

Is it the right policy now? That is the crucial question.

It is clearly the duty of every country to protect its home market when seriously threatened. Is our home market seriously threatened to-day? Take the case of one of our most important industries alone—woollen manufactures; there is grave danger of its being altogether extinguished.

Cheap woollen goods manufactured on the Continent by sweated

labour, and favoured by abnormal exchange conditions, are flooding our markets at prices with which we cannot compete.

International exchange is in such an abnormal condition that it has become the dominant factor. This fact should, for the sensible thinking man, outweigh all others, since it has entirely altered the old conditions of exchange. It has to be met and dealt with.

Few in this country fully realise the supreme importance of the home market. Taking our total output of wealth in 1913 at £2,200 million, of this just under £500 million represents the value of goods exported to foreign countries, our export trade.

£1,700 million of the total output was consumed at home.

So that a 5 per cent. increase in the purchasing power of the home market was equal to a 20 per cent. increase (which was beyond the bounds of possibility) in our export trade.

In those days the foreign markets were more or less normal, to-day they are in chaos.

Surely, then, it is clear that the logical and sane course is to protect our home market and develop it to the utmost, and here the oversea markets in the Dominions are included in the term "home market."

For these reasons I believe the time has come when it is to the national advantage to change our fiscal policy.

But to protect urban industries and leave agriculture unprotected is logically wrong. Agriculture is the primary industry essential to the welfare of the nation and of the Empire.

With an Empire covering one-quarter of the land surface of the globe, and embracing land in every climate, all our food and raw material should be produced within it.

A self-supporting Empire, with as an ultimate object inter-Empire Free Trade, should be our aim.

This is a case on which a referendum would be desirable and legitimate.

MR. C. WARDLE, Secretary of the Lace Operatives' Federation, referring to the recommendations of the Board of Trade to impose a duty on imported lace, has said:—"This report gives hope for our thousands of unemployed, and will put new life into the lace trade. The duty will allow our manufacturers a chance to compete in the markets of the world. The operatives will welcome it with open arms. Most of them, like myself, have been Free Traders in the past, but the depression has become so terrible and prolonged that they are anxious for a change, and the only change possible is to protect our industries. There is no fear of the proposed duty sending up the price of lace. The competition among home manufacturers is much too keen to allow of it. I wish a tariff could be imposed to-morrow."

MR. HARTLEY WITHERS, late City Editor of *The Times* and *Morning Post*, and late Editor of *The Economist*, and author of works on Economics.

It seems to me that, since Governments habitually bungle everything that they do, the less they are allowed to interfere with trade the better.

The Tragedy of Ireland

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone."—W. B. Yeats.

No other words would adequately describe the catastrophe which the Southern Irish people have brought upon their country. Its magnitude is becoming apparent to the Irish themselves as the hopes and dreams of prosperous national independence, in which they so lately indulged, give place to the horrid realisation of utter failure. Revelation of the facts will, however, come as a shock to the vast majority of English people. The late Coalition Government, determined to perpetrate the basest betrayal recorded in English history, succeeded in chloroforming a large part of the Press and in fooling the public with the belief that they had effected a settlement of the age-long Irish question. The chief conspirators still have the effrontery to claim credit for this treacherous performance, and the public, heartily sick of the whole question, and overburdened with problems more immediately touching English interests, have been only too ready to believe that the Irish cancer had at last been cut out and that Ireland could be left to make the best, or the worst, of her own affairs, without serious prejudice to British interests.

It is unfortunate that the facts relating to Ireland have almost invariably been coloured with that romantic distortion universally recognised as an Irish characteristic, and this, not alone by the Irish themselves, but by all the British and other advocates of separation, from Mr. Lloyd George to General Smuts.

The time is near when sentiment and rhetoric will no longer suffice to support the great illusion that the worst elements of an inferior race had only to be entrusted with full powers of self-government in order to inaugurate an era of peace and prosperity. We say advisedly the worst elements, since notwithstanding the inclusion of a few, a very few, men of repute and good will in the executive Government, and of a totally ineffective Senate which contains several more, the fact remains that the real power

to-day is vested in the hands of a man of murderous antecedents, "General" Mulcahy, Minister of Defence—or War.

The first rock upon which the Free State Government must split is finance. They need £100,000,000. They will probably soon make an effort to float an internal loan for £10,000,000, upon which they might scramble along for a few months. Without the guarantee of the British Government, it is almost certain that Irish patriotism will not rise to the height of subscribing even such a comparatively small sum as this.

In a recent speech, Mr. Cosgrave unwisely let the cat out of the bag when he referred to the large deposits in the Irish Banks, and hinted that the country's needs might require some compulsory annexation of these funds.

We have the best reason to believe that already a great part of these moneys (mostly deposited by farmers) have taken unto themselves wings, and that, unless Mr. Cosgrave is very quick, the balance will have been invested in the more reliable securities of the Saxon oppressor in such a manner as will defy the ingenuity of the Free State officials to trace. If any drastic measures are taken to enforce disgorgement, there will quickly be bloodshed.

The English reader is so little versed, and perhaps so little interested, in the details of Irish finance that we do not propose to weary him with an analysis of the Free State financial position recently disclosed by the Minister of Finance, Mr. Blythe.

In order broadly to comprehend the question it is sufficient to realise that the Government needs £100,000,000 to put its finances on a sound basis; that in order to carry on, even for a few months, it must have £10,000,000; that, even apart from interest upon such desired loans, it cannot balance its Budget; and that, therefore, it has little or no chance of floating the loans at all. This in plain English means early bankruptcy, and this alone must burst the bubble of Mr. Lloyd George's great "act of conciliation."

Before we proceed to consider the outcome of this *débâcle* let us pause for a moment to examine the conditions of Southern Ireland generally. Most of the better elements from amongst whom leadership, moral influence,

and honest administrative ability could be found, have been driven out of the country. As many as possible of the remainder are on the wing.

Great undertakings which gave employment to thousands and were the means of enriching whole districts are on the verge of bankruptcy, owing solely to the state of war or revolution. Nearly all the young men of the working or farming classes are debauched by the criminal lawlessness which has reigned since their boyhood. Many thousands have never done a day's honest work and openly scorn such a dull substitute for buccaneering.

Murder and looting are rife, although very little reported in the English Press. Labour of all kinds demands wages from 50 to 100 per cent. above English rates, and is beyond control of either reason or force. The priests, to whose past influence the present troubles are largely due, admit that their influence is now practically dead. They wring their hands, but are helpless. Their reign is ended. Their punishment has begun.

A large proportion of the lower grades of the priesthood, drawn from the peasant class, are known to have joined the gunmen in the country districts and to be Republicans. The obsequious respect formerly shown to the priesthood has disappeared. One result of their loss of influence is the decline of the traditional and almost universal morality of the women. A very large proportion of the younger women are also notoriously counted amongst the most active and irreconcilable of the criminal Republican movement.

The Government is held in contempt and no one will pay taxes who can possibly evade them. As such a large proportion is payable by more or less illiterate farmers who keep no accounts, the loss to the revenue is enormous.

Corruption is, of course, rife, and the only interest shown in the Government is by those who through influence or blackmail manage to extort jobs for which they are extravagantly paid, irrespective altogether of their character or efficiency. There is no public spirit, no confidence, no will to work. In place of these essentials to peaceful prosperity is either an exultant, or a depressed, expectation of the early seizure of power by a gang of criminals who have already proved that they can rival or outdo the worst

excesses of the Russian Bolsheviks. Ireland is, in fact, doomed to Bolshevism unless she can either produce a Mussolini, or the British Government steps in to undo Mr. Lloyd George's settlement, as recently it removed from the Statute Book those famous land taxes of his which were to provide "rare and refreshing fruit" to his dupes in this country.

Mussolini triumphed because he was able to call out a large, virile, patriotic section of the population. There are one or two men in Ireland who, to their credit, will probably make a similar attempt. We fear that they will fail to find anything but rotten material to work upon. When, therefore, Ireland has had a blood bath we can see no alternative to the restoration of law and order by British forces. They would probably make short work of it, since the heart would be out of the resistance of all but a minority of mere brigands, who would soon be cornered, as they all but were in 1921, when Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Lord Birkenhead prevented the British officers and men from completing their work, lest it should frustrate their own secret and treacherous conspirings with the enemies of England. As the members of this trio are now again seeking the confidence of the British public on one side or the other of politics, it is not inopportune to remind the electorate that a man guilty of one betrayal is more than likely to perpetrate another.

We shall be accused of prejudice and bias against the Free State Government because it was constituted by a group of politicians who, in our view, made a base and cowardly capitulation, and sold their souls to the devil in the hope of gaining a spurious triumph with which they could for a while delude the public.

It is probably useless to disclaim bias. Most of our readers will have observed that we do not hesitate to use plain language, and we are content to rely upon the justification of our expressed views by the actual course of events, for which in this case we believe only a few months will suffice. Our willingness to accept this risk must be taken as evidence of our sincerity.

Within the last few weeks we have been invited by one of the ablest of the Free State Senators to subscribe to

the view that the British Government, having set up the Free State, must at all costs "see it through," and that it is the duty of the British Prime Minister to make a public announcement of his intention to do so. Our suggestion that this amounted to an S.O.S. cry of despair was not seriously disputed, nor could it be.

No country in the world has been blessed by Nature with greater opportunities of prosperity than Southern Ireland. It is fertile and provided with an immediate market for all of its produce in the great industrial population of Great Britain. It is an interesting fact that, through the banks and otherwise, a large part of the capital hitherto forthcoming for the development of the prosperous industries in Ulster has been provided from the wealth accumulated in the agricultural South. Under a strong and stable Government the Southern Irish should be one of the richest and happiest communities within the British Empire. That they are not, and are not likely to be, is entirely their own fault. We do not acquit England of all blame. There was consistent stupidity in the old Castle rule and inability to grasp the peculiarities of the Irish temperament. The worst fault, however, has been, especially since the advent of Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Lloyd George, the failure to realise that the "native" Irish of the South were an inferior race, incapable of real self-government, and needing, instead, the severe discipline and strong administration to which, provided it was only strong enough, they would have been ready to submit. The common Irishman is at heart always inclined to recognise, and defer to, quality. He has no respect whatever for the adventurer of his own class who, by mere use of his tongue, or of a revolver, has gained authority to-day.

British policy in regard to the Free State need be influenced by only two considerations. We shall hear much of a third, namely, its effect upon world (mainly American) opinion. This, we hope, will be dismissed at its true worth, which is practically *nil*. The two which matter are strategical safety and financial risk. The first need not here be discussed and is best left to the Admiralty and the War Office.

As to the second, we believe that, under a more or less

Crown Colony administration, Southern Ireland is naturally rich enough to justify any risk which would be involved in assuming full responsibility for her finances. The abolition of the Government and the Army would at a stroke release funds which would fully cover the charges upon a loan of £100,000,000, out of which all adjudicated claims for compensation, the non-payment of which is such a disgrace both to the British and Free State Governments, could at once be paid.

We do not believe that any other satisfactory solution of the problem can be found, nor can a solution be very long delayed.

Irish Forebodings

In case any of our readers may be inclined to doubt whether the views expressed in the foregoing article are supported by evidence, we have thought it worth while to collect a few recently published statements of prominent Irishmen upon Irish affairs. It must be remembered that really free expression of opinion in Ireland exists only amongst the revolutionary element. As an eminent Senator said the other day, the unpleasant knowledge that arguments in Ireland are apt to be driven home by bullets compels one to be thoughtful. We imagine that a bullet would be more likely to make one forgetful.

As a curiosity we reprint the cover (in its pristine aboriginal absurdity) of the official report, the Irish equivalent of Hansard, from which the extracts from speeches delivered in the Senate on October 10th are taken.

Senator J. T. O'Farrell.—The unseemly escapades of certain army officers in certain parts of the country at the moment are doing incalculable harm, and tending to undermine the confidence of the people in the army as the shield and protection of the community. . . . From time to time there is a lot of indiscriminate night firing for which no explanation whatever is forthcoming. I can imagine nothing more indefensible than the performance of a sham battle to which the citizens of Dublin were entertained on the night preceding the general election. The outbreak of firing was simultaneous at different parts of the city, as if by pre-arrangement. Women and children were terrorised, and yet, as far as I am aware, no explanation has ever been forthcoming. If these things can happen under the very eyes

SEANAD EIREANN.

DÍOSBÓIREACHTAÍ PÁIRLIMINTE

(PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.)

DÉ CÉADAOIN, 10adh DEIRE FOGHMHAIR, 1923.

(Wednesday, 10th October, 1923.)

1m. 2. Uimh. 3.

TUAIRISG OIFIGIÚIL.

(OFFICIAL REPORT.)

(Nea-Cheartuithe—Unrevised.)

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BAILE ATHA CLIATH
(Dublin)

CAHILL & CO., LTD., Clódóirí.

A CLÓ-BHUAILEANN AGUS OIFIG AN tSOLÁTHAIR A FHOILLSIGHEANN.

(Printed by CAHILL & CO., Ltd., and Published by the Stationery Office.)

[*Raol Glan.*]
[*Six Pence Net.*]

of the Commander-in-Chief, what must be the state of affairs in remote parts of the country? . . . Crimes of violence and disorder are numerous. These are due to the spirit of licentiousness in the minds of many who acknowledge no law, human or divine, except the law of force. I hope all classes of the people will rally to the support of the Government in bringing to justice these marauding bandits, who live on the industry of the people rather than work themselves. . . . Respect for law has never been a strong point in our character, and even now, when the laws are Irish made and the instruments of authority are Irish, a good deal of the ancient spirit of revolt still exists, otherwise there would not be much support for these crazy-brained politicians and addle-headed theorists who close their eyes to facts and who promise their followers heaven on earth if they cut the nation's throat. Both of the great political parties in the past have at one time or another appealed and pandered to this spirit of drama, and the country is now reaping the wretched harvest.

SENATOR BENNETT.—In a community teeming with food the average man is unable to live.

SENATOR KENNY.—The last speaker said that there were too many people unproductive in this country. I can instance a strike in a town where forty per cent. were living on the labour of sixty per cent. A strike occurred largely owing to a question of labour and high prices, and the peculiar result arose that the most generous contributors to the strike fund were the forty traders. They saw that if wages came down they would no longer continue to profiteer, and as a result they were working into one another's hands.

SENATOR SIR JOHN KEANE.—I am afraid the forces of production will not come into operation until there is confidence in the country that capital will be free from those various forms of unrest with which we are all familiar. . . . Unless something is done definitely to balance the Budget, I am afraid things will only get worse and worse, because a failure to balance the Budget will re-act on our borrowing power. The difficulty which will arise from the fact that our Budget is not balanced will be that financiers will say: "We cannot lend any money to any country unless it has a healthy financial barometer."

SENATOR JAMESON.—Bonds have to be issued. In a great number of ways the credit of the Free State is before the country, and must be used if the resources are to be tapped which will give us a way of paying our way, even for the next six months.

MR. KEVIN O'HIGGINS, Minister for Home Affairs.—Why was it that in Waterford the farmer and labourer were burning each other out, while the rest of the community looked on with varying degrees of equanimity? He was convinced that the explanation lay in the bald fact that both farmer and agricultural labourer were being robbed by the rest of the community, and were turning on each other in blind and furious protest against a situation which was rapidly growing intolerable

Current Comments

It is evident that Mr. Baldwin is sincerely convinced that the problem of unemployment can best, or only, be overcome by means of protective tariffs. Most of his colleagues are of the same opinion. They could do no less than put the question to the country. But they should have first formulated a definite policy, and, having regard to the highly controversial and technical nature of the problem, they should have afforded the electorate reasonable time to examine that policy when declared.

Need of Definite Policy

Six months would be a short period to devote to the investigation, formulation, and consideration of a policy which is no less than a reversal of that under which England became the richest country in the world and the only one, apparently, able to finance her Allies as well as to pay all her debts in full.

Under her old fiscal system England's prosperity reached its zenith in the year before the war, so that present troubles of unemployment are obviously the result, directly and indirectly, of the war. Had our wealth and trade clearly been declining for some years prior to the war, there might have been an urgent *primâ facie* case for a radical change in our fiscal system.

The contrary was, however, the case and, if on no other ground, such a radical change should obviously be contemplated with caution lest the remedy should prove worse than the disease. Here, then, clearly was a case, not for a rough-and-tumble fight on the party hustings, but for a Referendum, the machinery for which could be created in less than half the time necessary for investigation of the effect of protective tariffs. Two other great questions remain to be fought in the near future, both of which, even should they be forced through the House of Commons by a Labour Government, would certainly be defeated by a Referendum, namely, Capital Levy and Nationalisation of Industries. There was thus a treble reason why the

Why not a Referendum?

principle of the Referendum should have been added to our constitutional safeguards.

If Protection had been approved by a Referendum, then Mr. Baldwin would have got all he wanted. Had it been rejected, then the exit of the Conservative Party into the wilderness need by no means have followed. Neither need that party have been split, nor need it have lost a solitary supporter.

We believe that the possibility of at once saving the Empire from the disastrous effects of Mr. Lloyd George's late administration, and also of enabling British industry to escape the catastrophe entailed by Nationalisation and the Capital Levy, depends on the maintenance of the Conservative Party in power. We most earnestly hope, therefore, for its victory at the polls. But we cannot conceal our regret that recourse was not rather had to the expedient of the Referendum, and should the result of the present General Election involve, as it may, yet another appeal to the electors, on the same issue, at no distant date, we trust that it may be made through that direct and simple method to which we refer.

The Labour Programme

THE workers of this country must be strangely gullible if they allow themselves to be deluded by the childishly fantastic proposals of the leaders of the Labour Party. Even upon a strict arithmetical basis, a redistribution of wealth would not add half a crown a week to the incomes of those below a datum line of, say, £500 a year. Actually, of course, by the destruction of credit, and above all by robbing the real creators of wealth who are the organisers of industry and the initiators of enterprise who keep industrial activity from relapsing into stagnation, of all incentive to effort, the total wealth of the country would rapidly fall to the misery level. Labour persists in chasing the phantom of that unlimited hoard of wealth which wicked capitalists are supposed to keep concealed from its rightful owners—the proletariat. Labour leaders, many of whom have been rejected by municipal voters, already admit that local ratepayers are unable to bear the burdens of works of relief and "social amelioration" which they advocate. Nothing daunted, however, they

demand that the National Exchequer shall provide the funds, as if these were derived solely from "the rich." Conscious that even the National Revenue would soon prove quite inadequate to their extravagant requirements, they rely upon the Capital Levy to replenish it.

They have therefore invented a new and original code of morality to justify their policy of spoliation. It is thus succinctly set forth by seven anonymous apostles of the Labour creed—"We shall not get equality until we revise our conceptions of ownership, and therewith, of course, the strictly correlative conception of theft." There is nothing like leather, and really these new moralists must have very thick hides. Theft does not cease to be theft by wrapping it up in such a phrase as "strictly correlative conceptions," which not one in twenty of the proletariat is either able, or intended, to comprehend.

Actually, of course, by the destruction of credit and by robbing the real creators of wealth of all incentive to effort, the total wealth of the country would soon shrink to misery level. For it is the organisers of industry, and initiators of enterprise, who prevent industrial activity from relapsing into stagnation.

The European Crisis

In every recent number of this Review we have urged the vital necessity of restoring England to her proper place in the councils of Europe. We have stood for the view, general, we believe, with the majority of English men and women, that the maintenance of our predominating influence, and the only hope of restoration of European peace and prosperity, depended on a continuance of that close co-operation with our Allies without which we should inevitably have lost the war.

We will not here repeat the arguments which we have advanced month by month. But on the eve of a European crisis we would earnestly beg all those who may hitherto have doubted their force to reflect upon the humiliating situation in which our country may too probably soon be placed, when war, repudiation, and revolution shatter, and indefinitely postpone, that peaceful reconstruction in which lay the only hope of European prosperity.

By dissociating ourselves from France and by per-

sistent encouragement of German resistance, we have not merely prolonged the agony, but have vastly intensified it.

Germany's resistance, directed at first mainly towards escaping a proportion of her liabilities, has inevitably been met by France with stronger and ever more determined measures.

THESE in turn have widened the breach in the Entente until it must now be regarded as practically destroyed.

The Entente Ended?

Meanwhile, as was to be expected, the forces of disruption in Germany have had time to organise themselves until at any moment they may wreck the dummy Government, which could at least have pretended to make a national settlement.

France, to whom security from attack is even more important than reparation, and who alone of the Allies to-day possesses real military power, will pursue her objects with less and less consideration for such a strange ally as Great Britain, who blows hot and cold, writes petulant Notes, and is officially more in sympathy with Germany than concerned to enforce a just settlement. As for America, she appears to be concerned only with the collection, not of 20*s*. in the £, but of 100 cents in the dollar, from all of her Allies, after which she will probably be willing to disembarrass herself of such an inconvenient excess of wealth by lending some of it to Germany.

ELEMENTAL, volcanic forces are now loose in Europe and may soon be in full eruption. Had England not abdicated

British Impotence

from her old position of premier authority, she could probably have prevented, or certainly, at least, directed, the storm. Now when it rages she can only be an impotent spectator. Let us hope that the dignity of England will not be further impaired by futile Notes and appeals to the League of Nations, lest we should be disagreeably reminded of Sir John Bradbury's foolishly impertinent reference, the other day, to "prescribing pills for earthquakes" at the Reparation Commission in Paris.

We would rather have seen the Government engaged upon a determined effort to regain their place in the councils of the Allies, with a view to ending the chaos to which so lately they ascribed all our troubles, than dissipating their strength upon an election.

Except in the unfortunately improbable event of their majority being increased, it seems unlikely that they will have much margin, either of time or strength, to devote to this question upon which the future of Europe depends. Their defeat would open up an appalling prospect of Lloyd Georgian or Labour mishandling of a problem which utterly transcends in importance all immediate domestic considerations, not excluding unemployment.

LET it not be thought that we are singular in our anticipations of a European conflagration.

Lord Grey Expects Another War

Lord Grey of Fallodon, speaking the other day at Bath, said that he "wished to impress it clearly that things in Europe were going from bad to worse, and were shaping, not perhaps immediately, but very certainly, for a new war."

ONE of the strangest features of the present political hubbub has been the suggestion that the two betrayers

Two Peris at the Gate

of the Unionist Party, namely, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, should re-enter the Conservative fold and take office under Mr. Baldwin. We pointed out in the July issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW that these two politicians have violated the fundamental principle of all joint human action. That principle is mutual trust. When men combine for a common object, they trust each other not secretly to seek an exactly opposite aim. The Unionist Party was created for the special and distinct purpose of maintaining British authority in Ireland, equally for the advantage of English and of Irish interests in that island, and of backing up our loyalist friends. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead were the two leaders of that party, the one in the Commons, the other in the Lords.

WITHOUT its consent, without even giving it previous information of their intention, these two individuals took

Surrender to Crime

action leading to the absolute abandonment and destruction of the whole intent of those who trusted them as their chiefs. They surrendered that British authority throughout Ireland, with the exception of Ulster, whose resistance

they strove vainly to overcome. They abandoned even the western Irish ports, vitally necessary to the very life of England during war, to our mortal foes. They put three hundred thousand Southern Irish loyalists, men, women, and children, outside the pale of English law (after first disarming them), and left them to suffer arson, murder, and rape at the hands of some of the foulest armed scum whom the world has ever known. The iniquity of this betrayal is, as we have previously shown, quite independent of the merits or demerits of Home Rule, and it should be reprobated equally by those of all shades of opinion in whom the instinct of honour still moves. What would the trades unions say, and say justly, if they discovered that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were secretly striving to have trades unionism made illegal? What would Liberals say were they to find that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were aiming at the abolition of the House of Commons? Yet these two imaginary instances would not constitute a betrayal in the least degree more complete than that consummated by the two men whom it was proposed to re-establish as Cabinet Ministers.

As regards intellect, there is, of course, a gulf between them, for Lord Birkenhead is an extremely clever person. But, though diverse in ability, they are one in shame. Moreover, it has been hitherto one of the boasts of England that she valued character more highly than brains. If Lord Birkenhead were now restored to a leading place in the Conservative Party, that boast could no longer be made, and that party, as regards both him and his associate, would mark its abandonment of the old standards of public honour.

The Ulster Boundary

It is perhaps not altogether a bad thing that the question of the Ulster boundary is to be discussed at a conference of representatives of the British Government, of the Government of Northern Ireland, and of that of the Free State, because such a conference is bound to do at least two things. In the first place, it will rob the problem of a great deal of the mystery with which Free State propagandists have invested it; and, in the second place, it will expose a sinister phase of the Treaty negotiations which a short-minded public has evidently forgotten.

A Question of Honour

THE issue is not really such a complex affair as it looks. It can, and ought, to be submitted to the acid test of whether the proposal to establish a Boundary Commission was an honourable or dishonourable act, and, on this aspect of the question, the evidence is strong and convincing. In the first place, the 1920 Act gave autonomy to Northern Ireland. Ulster surrendered the counties of Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan, and accepted the Act, against its wishes, in the interests of peace and as a final settlement. In December, 1921, during the negotiations with the representatives of Sinn Fein, the announcement was made, on the authority of Mr. Lloyd George, "that the rights of Ulster would not be sacrificed or prejudiced"; yet when the Treaty was completed on that fateful evening of December 6th, 1921, the Government of Northern Ireland was notified by aeroplane messenger, some hours after the Treaty had actually been signed and without the representatives of Northern Ireland ever having been consulted, that under Clause 12 provision had been made for the setting up of a Commission to determine the boundaries between Ulster and the Free State.

Coalition Trickery

And here it may be remarked that the authors of Clause 12 evidently desired to put Ulster in a very difficult position, for not only does the Clause provide for the Boundary Commission, but it also provides for Ulster voting herself out of the Free State. They knew full well that Ulster must recognise Clause 12 in order to vote herself out, and that, having availed herself of one section of the Clause, it would be difficult for her to refuse to recognise the other section providing for the setting up of the Commission. The linking together in the one Clause of those two things, after the definite promise which had been made to Ulster that nothing would be done to prejudice her position, lays the authors of the Treaty open to the charge of having acted with malice aforethought, and it is not to be wondered at that Ulster refused, and still refuses, and will continue to go on refusing, to acknowledge a proviso inserted in the Treaty behind her back and in direct violation of a promise voluntarily made to her.

A Vital Question for Candidates

A LETTER from Admiral Consett, published in *The Daily Mail* of the 13th ult., is a timely reminder of a need which, until it is fulfilled, should never for a moment be lost sight of by this nation and should be pressed upon the attention of all candidates during the coming electoral struggle. The question which they should be asked, preferably by any voter who lost a relative or a friend in the last two years of the war, is: "If elected, will you vote for an inquiry into the reason why the then Government of England allowed Germany to be supplied, from England and from the British Empire, with food, fuel and material out of which munitions could be made, from the start of the contest up to the time when the United States entered the field?"

Feeding Germany in the War

ADMIRAL CONSETT was British Naval Attaché in Scandinavia throughout those bitter years, and he has written a book of infinite value on his experiences.* He saw the pouring of those vast supplies of everything which the Germans most required into the hands of our mortal foes—and no such madness has ever been known before in the history of the world. All that man could do by way of protest Admiral Consett did, but those protests were vain. We will quote here a few lines from our own editorial article in the last August number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW; and there is no subject in which a periodical with such a title should rather seek to interest its readers: "They (the British Government) send—that is, they allowed to pass—vitriol, fishing nets, yarn and rope, petrol, tin—enabling Denmark and Sweden to send forty-six times the amount of fish to Germany which was received by this country. 'Let England starve, but let Germany be fed,' was, to all appearance, the motto acted on by the Ministers of the Crown." We sent, too, immense quantities of coal for the use of the trains without which our enemies could not have continued to resist us, and these vital aids to those who were killing our folk constitute but a few instances of the manner in which our Ministers, under the leadership first of Mr. Asquith and then of Mr. Lloyd George, supported the German

* *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces.*

attack on humanity and civilisation. All these goods were suffered to go to Germany through neutral countries, mainly through Scandinavia and Holland—and the Minister most immediately responsible for this outrage upon us and our Allies has since been rewarded with a peerage. He was Sir Edward, now Lord, Grey.

War Prolonged for Two Years

THE real inwardness of what he and his chiefs had done was revealed when, at long last, the United States entered the strife. For then at length a real blockade was begun, and almost at once Germany felt the strain. Within fifteen months she was starving, and forced to desperate expedients to make good her various deficiencies. It is certain that had our Government simply abstained from making good the necessities of Germany out of the resources of the British Empire, the war would have been over, and Germany would have been "down and out," well within two years from its inception. Ought there not to be two Cenotaphs—one for those who fell inevitably under stress which could not be avoided, and the second for those others, at least equally numerous, whose lives were forfeited to the imbecility of the two ex-Prime Ministers now leading the Liberal Party, *plus* Lord Grey and, it must be added, Lord Robert Cecil?

Is this huge infamy, which should have been made the subject of a searching investigation at the instance of the Conservative Government, to pass into the limbo of forgotten things, and is it to be treated as a trifle unworthy of attention at the moment when the nation is deciding to whom to entrust its destiny in the days to come? We appeal from men to women. We ask the mothers of those dead who, but for this crime, might still be with them, to use that political power which now is theirs, to question any candidates who ask for their votes, and to accord them to none who will not pledge himself to press, and press hard, for a full and independent inquiry.

Egypt

THE Egyptian situation does not improve. Saad Zaghlul Pasha, whom we deported as a dangerous agitator, and then, of course, restored to his unrestricted activities in Egypt with the added prestige of a martyr, has graciously condescended to announce that the Wafd is ready to conclude an agreement with

Great Britain on the basis of complete independence for Egypt and respect for such "legitimate" British interests as did not conflict with Egyptian independence. He further denied that there was any anxiety to establish relations with British official circles, although the opposite might be the case. English officials are rapidly being displaced by natives and, as might be expected, the reign of corruption has begun.

Our self-determinists, sentimentalists, and the fatuous meddlers of the Labour Party, wholly ignorant of the facts, have thus succeeded in setting the unfortunate Egyptians on the high road to the state of misery, tyranny, and corruption which they suffered for centuries until they passed under a beneficent British autocracy. Still, they have won "self-determinism" and a vote in the League of Nations, so they should be happy. The important question remains of our Imperial interest in Egypt as guardians of the Suez Canal, an impossible trust unless we exercise absolute military control. Italians and Germans are rapidly establishing themselves in the country even in official positions. It will not be long before we either have to relinquish our claim to domination or take drastic measures to ensure it.

The Nobel Prize for Mr. W. B. Yeats

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. W. B. Yeats, from whom we have borrowed a pregnant line as a text for an article on Ireland, upon the award to him of the Nobel prize for literature.

His established fame as a writer and poet in the very front rank of his contemporaries was high enough to need no such honour, but even an Irish poet need not despise the "crock of gold" which is its more substantial concomitant. We trust that in a sudden access of patriotic fervour Mr. Yeats, who is a Senator of the Free State Government, will not invest his well-merited reward—quite a little fortune—in a Free State loan.

Deutschland Uber Alles

We are quite at a loss to understand the anxiety which perturbs the Government and so many people in this country lest Germany should dissolve into a number of separate States.

Lord Crewe is instructed to deliver Notes intimating that the British Government would view any

such catastrophe with extreme disfavour, and busy-bodies make speeches in which they ascribe Machiavellian motives to France as plotting to bring it about. It is suggested that such disintegration of the mighty German Empire would put an end to any hope of reparations.

The peace of Europe, the safety of France, the prospect of reparations, and the happiness and prosperity of the German people, would, on the contrary, in our view, be immensely advanced by the dissolution of Germany into three or four independent States. The financial control, which by common consent must be exercised by the Allies if reparation is ever to be recovered, could insist upon an inter-state Zollverein. Their trade would thus not be hampered, and, under the Belgian plan, the railways would in any event pass under the control of an Allied Commission. Each State would be able to divide its energies between the promotion of its own domestic prosperity and the payment of its quota of reparations. "Der Tag" would be postponed to the Greek Kalends.

The League of Nations and the self-determinists should be delighted, since the several States should each some day be entitled to an equal vote with Guatemala, Liberia, and the Irish Free State in settling the affairs of the world. The British Empire would thus be more effectually relegated to that relative insignificance desired by the Little Englanders.

King's Evidence

Counsel are well aware that the most convincing evidence is often that which can be elicited from the other side. The following extracts from an interview with Maximilien Harden, probably the ablest publicist in Germany, which recently appeared in the *Spectator*, have, therefore, far greater value than a re-statement of our own views, which they fully confirm:—

"No reform can be attempted before a settlement of the Ruhr question is obtained. There is only one possible solution. The word 'capitulation' seems to frighten the timid statesmen. . . . But, after all, even if hatred for France is the general motive, what better than to stop the devastating effect of her policy and refuse to let it

go to the utmost point it would reach—namely, the entire breakdown and anarchy of the land?

"I myself don't believe in the deliberate wickedness of the French . . . the 'passive' resistance in the Ruhr has cost us already ten * milliard gold marks. I have no special love for the Reparations Commission; but a few more milliards, and it probably would have been satisfied.

"I can't imagine that the French are hungry monsters. . . . I remain convinced that there is no strong objection among the French against concessions granted to the evident good will and good faith of Germany.

"There is no doubt an exaggeration about the commonly expressed view that the reconstruction of Germany would solve at once the difficulty of British trade. . . . As a matter of fact, the actual period of breakdown means opulence and facilities for British trade in Germany compared to the drastic restrictions and prohibition of imports that real reconstruction will mean. . . . To my mind, the responsibility England shares in the present entanglement is greater than is generally thought. Any intervention is now useless. The conflict is a Franco-German one. The solution will be a Franco-German one.

"England has chosen to make it such. Action by her before the Ruhr occupation would have given an entirely different aspect to the problem. Had England first warned France of her opposition to a military occupation, France would probably have withdrawn and looked for some more peaceful line of negotiations.

England's Responsibility

"*Had England joined the French manœuvre there would have been no German resistance*, and the world would have been spared six months of wilful economic destruction and moral degradation. However, whatever faults Governments may have committed, whatever extravagance public opinion may have been led into, there is a greater and more dangerous culprit who should be held responsible for both evils—the Press."

No one can question either Herr Harden's exceptional ability, his broad grasp of European, and especially

* The accuracy of these figures seems open to question, but does not affect the validity of the argument.—Ed. E.R.]

German, affairs, or his sincerity. His outspokenness has nearly cost him his life, which was attempted last spring and is constantly threatened.

Can anyone now hesitate to accept his diagnosis in preference to that of Lord Curzon as expressed in his preposterous Note of 11th August?

The Prudential Vindicated

Mr. J. J. Bisgood, the editor of *The Insurance Record*, who contributed an article on industrial assurance to our November issue, writes to us with regard to an extract from a letter published in that issue. That letter was addressed to us by a medical man in reference to the dispute between the "Panel" doctors and the Ministry of Health —the Approved Societies intervening—on the question of the capitation grant. He tells us that our correspondent was mistaken in two ways; first in forgetting that although the Prudential Assurance Company and the Prudential Approved Societies work in collaboration, there is no financial connection whatever between the two bodies, and therefore whatever grievance our correspondent may have against the assurance company as to lapsed policies or dividends cannot be augmented or diminished by reason of the existence of the approved societies. The approved societies are not "sheer cold-blooded business propositions" any more than the old friendly societies. There is perhaps this difference, that these approved societies are solvent, and Mr. Lloyd George pointed out at the time when he introduced the National Health Insurance Bill that most of the friendly societies were hopelessly insolvent. One, indeed, had a valuation deficit of £750,000. Mr. Bisgood also points out that our correspondent was mistaken in his statement that approved societies aim at paying a dividend to their shareholders. There are no shareholders in approved societies, and no dividends may be paid to anyone.

The Prudential Societies are cited, and it is well to remember that so excellently have these societies been administered that they are able to give increased cash benefits to their members, and to distribute by way of dental treatment, hospital and convalescent home, surgical,

optical and nursing treatment an amount per annum for a period of five years from 1922, of nearly £250,000.

Turning to the Prudential Assurance Company, Mr. Bisgood refers us to his article in the November issue of this REVIEW, wherein he pointed out the reasons for believing that lapsed policies, to which our medical correspondent refers, are rather sources of loss than of profit to the insurance companies. In the case of the Prudential, every lapsed policy of five years' duration is replaced by a fully-paid policy of equivalent actuarial value to the policy lapsed, and, after an interval of five years from January 1st next, every industrial company will have to make the same provision. Likewise the right of election as to whether a policy shall lapse or not is against the company, because nobody who is ill or likely to die allows his policy to lapse, and the insurance company has no power to cancel it. As to the relations of the Prudential Approved Societies to the doctors, they do not exist. The "Panel" doctors are under the Insurance Committees and safeguarded by their own Medical Committee in each area. An Insurance Committee is constituted, as to three-fifths, of members selected by the insured persons in its area, so there may be indirect control by approved societies, particularly where individual assured persons have complaints to make as to their medical treatment.

With regard to our medical correspondent's last sentence, Mr. Bisgood repeats that the Prudential Approved Societies, and indeed all approved societies, work without right to dividend, and that practically all the old friendly societies still exist as approved societies. The only difference is that nearly all of them are now solvent.

Mr. Churchill's Defence*

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

SINCE the Armistice almost all the principal actors in the Great War have written books in justification of the part they played in the world tragedy. All the distinguished authors have published freely from the store of secret or confidential documents to which they had access, and they have indulged in personal revelations better left behind the veil, especially when they reflect on those who have passed away. One result of this novel procedure is to fan controversies calculated to confuse the public and to obscure primary issues. On the other hand, the discriminating historian of the future may find, in these many volumes and in convenient form, documentary evidence which might be lost or escape his researches.

It was inevitable that Mr. Churchill should enter the lists of post-war combatants. He has been the object of attacks not all justified. He lost his post at the Admiralty in the reconstruction of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in May, 1915, largely because public opinion attributed certain failures to him, and this opinion was perhaps deepened by the dramatic exodus of Lord Fisher. He is a master in the art of powerful and attractive phraseology, which could be counted upon to create a deep impression upon minds not disciplined by the study of war. His first work † contained a brilliant if not wholly satisfying review of events leading to the crisis of August, 1914, a detailed account of his personal conduct of the naval war, and a somewhat misleading defence of his great project for holding Antwerp. We were surprised to learn that a political First Lord, who not long before had, as Lord Birkenhead has unkindly reminded him, "succumbed for a fugitive moment" to the ideals of Sir John Brunner and the advo-

* *The World Crisis, 1915*, by the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill: C. H. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

† *The World Crisis, 1911-1914.*

cates of a little Navy, was directing naval operations in the most meticulous details, though apparently unaware of the fatal patrol of the three *Crecys* until he accidentally heard them described as " the live bait squadron." We realised, also with amazement, that this First Lord, at a time when work at the Admiralty was at highest pressure, could be busying himself in purely military plans, and could even offer to abandon his post for the military command at Antwerp. He claims that the three (or five) days' protraction of the defence of this hopelessly incompetent " fortress " * saved the situation on the left of the allied line in Belgium; but he does not appreciate his extraordinary good luck. His action gave the Germans a first-rate chance of capturing or enforcing the internment of the Belgian Army, the Court, the promiscuous British forces thrown into Antwerp, and himself.† Nor does he realise that the considerable forces, including the 7th Division and 3rd Cavalry Division, made available for his purposes, would have secured the same important object if elsewhere disposed without incurring grave risks.

Mr. Churchill's second volume is intensely interesting. It covers the action of the Dogger Bank, explains—not completely—the origin of Tanks and smoke, and deals at length with the Dardanelles campaign, from its ill-conceived start, through the period of hard fighting and splendid endurance to the merciful end. If the purple patches are sometimes too thickly applied, suggesting strain for effect, the charm of skilful language and the power of dramatic description are conspicuous, and therein lies a certain danger. Impressions of men and of events may be created which may easily mislead.

* In 1900, I was directed to report on the defences of Belgium, as the King had asked for an independent opinion. I carefully examined the forts then being constructed at Liége and Namur, and those of Antwerp. I laid stress on their dangerous defects, and even indicated an undefended gap at Liége through which the Germans entered the town before the forts had fallen. In those days the 15in. howitzer did not exist; but I regarded these weakly armed forts as indefensible without a large field force outside. Liége and Namur had fallen before Mr. Churchill devised his plans and might have warned him; but it is clear that he had never heard of my reports.

† Only bad staff work, of which there are other examples, deprived the Germans of this achievement. Possibly they were so intent on capturing the so-called " fortress " that they lost a great opportunity.

Mr. Churchill disclaims the *rôle* of the historian:

> It is not for me with my record and special point of view to pronounce a final conclusion. That must be left to others and to other times. But I intend to set forth what I believe to be fair and true.

The "special point of view" is certainly unmistakable. How far will it communicate itself to Mr. Churchill's many readers? We have a vivid picture of a dynamic personality, consumed with energy, overrunning with ideas sometimes sound, but constantly thwarted for want of authority to compel discordant elements and to mould vacillating opinions to an imperious will. The book contains some inaccuracies, which have been already pointed out, and there are a few apparent lapses from candour; but the genesis of the ill-fated campaign, the horrible tangle in which it was quickly involved, and the root causes of a magnificent failure are—in part at least—lucidly explained. Mr. Churchill still believes that, even after the naval fiasco of March 18th and the greater military fiasco at Suvla Bay on August 7th to 9th, success was possible if he had wielded autocratic power. That can never be known; but some readers of his fascinating pages may be attracted to his conclusions.

The project was ill-fated from its birth, and it began in misconception. Mr. Churchill clearly saw that a "murderous deadlock" on the Western Front was becoming inevitable, and the question presented itself:

> Should we strike through the Belts at the Baltic, or through the Dardanelles at Constantinople and the Black Sea?

His imagination correctly estimated the immense advantages of the naval control of the Black Sea. The seizure of the Dardanelles, followed by such control, would have changed the course of the war in favour of the Allies. How was it to be accomplished? Assuming an adequate military force to seize the northern shore of the Straits and to hold the Gallipoli Peninsula, the operation was a certainty; but obviously surprise was vital, because, given time, the Turks might easily make the difficult ground on the northern shore impregnable, as happened. This, which is a direct lesson of military history, Mr. Churchill never seems to have firmly gripped. The solution of the problem was essentially military; but success depended on naval co-operation. Mr. Churchill had

brought Lord Fisher to the Admiralty when he was too old for the conduct of a great war, even if his many notable qualities had fitted him for so tremendous a task, and he arrived with "my main scheme of strategy" in his pocket, involving the construction of 612 vessels of 13 classes. Mr. Churchill had anticipated the Admiral in a letter of August 19th, 1914, to the Grand Duke Nicholas, in which he rashly said that "the operation of sending a British Fleet into the Baltic is feasible." * The reply was that a British naval command of the Baltic would "in itself prove a most valuable and desirable factor." This is evident; but it was also vital to hold the command of the North Sea. Even if the Scandinavian countries had adhered to the Entente, which was most unlikely, the attempt to maintain a great fleet, with a host of transports, in the Baltic while the High Seas Fleet existed would have led to a national disaster. Minor projects were suggested. The First Lord and the First Sea Lord were continually corresponding with each other, and on December 21st and 22nd Mr. Churchill wrote to the latter:

> The key to the situation is an oversea base taken and held by force, from which our C Class submarines and heavily gunned destroyers can blockade the Bight night and day. . . . I am wholly with you about the Baltic. But you must close up this side first.

The choice of an "oversea base" fell on Borkum, "which fulfils Mr. Balfour's four conditions." † It ought to have been obvious that to seize, hold and supply Borkum until the German High Seas Fleet had been rendered *hors de combat* was a dangerous vision. The plan fortunately lapsed, as did another for landing troops at Zeebrugge in conjunction with an advance from the Yser, and

> The alternative to Borkum and the Baltic was, of course, an amphibious enterprise to strike down Turkey and rally the Balkans.

Mr. Churchill, however, omits to describe a wild-cat scheme for the capture of Heligoland, devised at the Admiralty and providentially rejected by the Admiral at sea to whom it was referred.

* Mr. Churchill does not say if naval opinion, other than that of Lord Fisher, supported this view.

† Mr. Balfour had "searchingly analysed" this question; but his "conditions" are not given to us.

As early as November 30th, 1914, the idea of assembling a force in Egypt for the occupation of Gallipoli was mooted, but was not favoured by Lord Kitchener. Then, as previously and at lucid intervals later, the plan was rightly viewed as a military operation to be supported by the Navy. On March 3rd, the Greek General Staff proposed to disembark four or five Greek divisions and to take "the heights east of Maidos." We then had, so Mr. Churchill claims, a considerable force which could have been made available, and the Turks were unprepared.

> But now a terrible fatality intervened. . . . The Russian Government would not consent to Greece participating in operations in the Dardanelles.

It is difficult to believe that pressure and explanations from the French and British Governments would not have sufficed to induce the Tsar's advisers to modify this foolish decision; but nothing appears to have been done. A great chance was irretrievably lost, and never again was the prize so near to our grasp.

Henceforth, confusion of ideas reigned; a game of cross-purposes prevailed, and for a time, at least, an essentially military operation was diverted into a naval attack which had no reasonable hope of success. Mr. Churchill tells the painful story most effectively; but he fails to understand the true inwardness of his grave misconception. On January 3rd Lord Fisher produced a characteristically loose and grandiose scheme illumined by flashes of shrewd sense, and referring to the Garden of Eden. After premising with true insight that "We shall decide on a futile bombardment of the Dardanelles," he sketched his "Turkey plan," involving large movements of troops with Greek co-operation. Into this rough scheme he unfortunately interjected the following: *

> IV. Sturdee forces the Dardanelles at the same time with *Majestic* and *Canopus* class! God bless him.

There was not, as Mr. Churchill states, "the smallest chance" of the adoption of the "Turkey plan"; but his imagination was powerfully attracted by item IV.:

> Here for the first time was the suggestion of forcing the Dardanelles with the old battleships.

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* Later, on May 16th, Lord Fisher wrote: "You are bent on forcing the Dardanelles and nothing will turn you from it—NOTHING." And he added that this was "against the strongest convictions of my life."

It escaped his notice that this idea was part of a great military scheme to be carried out "at the same time," and he somewhat unfairly telegraphed to Vice-Admiral Carden:

> Do you consider the forcing of the Dardanelles by ships alone a practicable operation?

The Admiral, not having a staff to draw up a complicated plan, without the full information available at the Admiralty, and naturally unwilling to admit that the Fleet could not do anything for which it was asked, replied with a sketchy outline of progressive operations.* This plan, which resembled the systematic attack which Woolwich cadets more than half a century ago used to conduct—on paper—against Vauban fortresses,

> produced a great impression upon every one who saw it. It was to me in its details an entirely new proposition. . . . No one at any time threw the slightest doubt upon its technical soundness.

It is quite impossible in a brief review to deal exhaustively with this aspect of a complicated question. The "technical soundness" of Admiral Carden's proposal is directly contradicted by a whole volume of war experience. In 1882 I reported in fullest detail † upon the bombardment of the wretched forts at Alexandria by eighty heavy naval guns, which fired 1,741 projectiles at medium or short ranges in the most favourable conditions, with very small results, almost all due to the gross defects of the defences.‡ Following the lessons of Alexandria, I devoted careful study to naval attacks on shore defences and to the technical gunnery aspects of the question. All modern experience, perfectly confirming that of Alexandria, is recorded in my book.§ The French bombardment

* The procedure was thus the reverse of what happened as regards the attack on Heligoland. In the one case, this plan was devised at the Admiralty and rejected by the Admiral. In the other, the Admiral sketched the plan, which the Admiralty adopted.

† I photographed every dismounted gun, surveyed every fort, and recorded all the hits.

‡ Against Mex Fort, about 580 heavy projectiles were fired at 1,100 to 1,300 yards, the *Inflexible* contributing 16in. shells at 3,800 yards. "During the action not a single gun was dismounted or disabled." The garrison, without ordinary cover, was able to reply for more than three hours.

§ *Fortification, Past, Present and Future,* 2nd edition, 1907.

of Sfax, and the American bombardments of San Juan and Santiago,* told exactly the same tale, as did the long-range attack (over 300 12-inch shells) by the Japanese on Port Arthur in 1904, which proved futile. As the employment of the 15-inch guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* was regarded as a "new fact" clinching Mr. Churchill's plan, it was surely worth while to inquire what the 16-inch guns of the *Inflexible* had accomplished in 1882. The most detailed information was available in the archives of the Admiralty; but the 15-inch gun was now to open fire at *four times* the range at which the 16-inch gun had failed. All my labour was thrown away. The Report had been treated as secret and no one seems to have known of its existence. No military opinion was consulted, and Mr. Churchill hopefully set about what was to prove a naval attack on the Turkish Army. The inevitable results are well described. A "test bombardment" on November 3rd, 1914, which Mr. Churchill must have approved, gave a broad hint to the Turks, which was emphasised between March 2nd and 8th, 1915, by which time about 20,000 troops were assembled in the Peninsula. By April 25th, when the first British soldier was landed, a formidable army, entrenched in exceptionally strong positions and under German command, awaited the military attack.

The purely naval attack reached its climax on March 18th. Admiral de Robeck did all that was possible, and his fleet, diverted to a non-naval task, acquitted itself admirably. His telegram (March 27th) repeats almost verbatim some of the conclusions of my Report of 1882.

> The original approved plan (he telegraphed) was drawn up on the assumption that gunfire alone was capable of destroying forts. . This assumption has been conclusively proved to be wrong.

This had been "conclusively proved" over and over again before the Great War; but Mr. Churchill ungenerously accuses the Admiral of vacillation, because, after having had time to consider the sharp lesson he had received, he realised that while a few of his ships might, by great good fortune, rush the Narrows, all depended on military action.

* There were ten bombardments, occasionally at 2,000 yards, of the improvised defences of Santiago armed with siege guns, with the result that "one gun was temporarily put out of action and one was permanently disabled."

The great naval attack had failed absolutely, as was certain. Little permanent damage was done to the defences. The main mine-fields were not swept, and could not be swept, under the fire of concealed guns. Howitzer fire, which might have been confidently expected, and against which the ships could do nothing, developed during the action. Three battleships were lost and two put out of action. In Mr. Churchill's words,

> No good result had been achieved,

while the strongest part of the defences remained to be attacked. And now, too late, the expeditionary force was to attempt an impossible task. The landings on the toe of the Peninsula and the terrible fighting which followed have never been surpassed in the shining annals of the British Army for gallantry and endurance, nobly shared by Dominion troops. Nor do the glorious records of the Royal Navy contain anything finer than the exploits of our submarines.

After the "heart-breaking episode" at Suvla Bay the last hopes of success vanished. New military plans were taking shape, and no War Council would sanction the large reinforcements required for a further effort.

Mr. Churchill's eloquent pages contain more great lessons than he perhaps recognises. There was then no trained war staff at the Admiralty to draw up a plan of operations. There was no one to give decisions based on a reasoned investigation of all the facts, and the Prime Minister, as Mr. Churchill delicately hints, was quite incapable of being the supreme director of a world war. Lord Kitchener, overburdened with tasks beyond his great strength, for some of which he was not well equipped, never whole-heartedly supported the Dardanelles project, military in its essence.* Nor did Lord Fisher, whose mind was full of other plans, and who suddenly wrote as late as April 5th:

> *We ought to have every detail organised to move in a moment on Texel.*

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*His first instruction to Sir Ian Hamilton was, "The Fleet have undertaken to force the passage of the Dardanelles. The employment of military forces on a large scale for land operations at this juncture is only contemplated in the event of the Fleet failing to get through after every effort has been exhausted."

The Admiralty was obsessed with military schemes never threshed out by the soldiers. The delays were disastrous, and at a most critical moment many days were lost by the reconstruction of the Cabinet. All this and more must have been exasperating to anyone with the impetuous temperament of Mr. Churchill; but he does not make sufficient allowance for the difficulties of others, and he shows a tendency to condemn everyone who did not wholly share his certitudes. He also, as he admits, brought great pressure to bear upon Lord Fisher, which was most unwise. The story of the gradual breach with the old Admiral, who was never really converted to his views, and of the "sulphurous" War Council of May 14th, when Lord Kitchener said that "He had been induced to participate in the Dardanelles operations on the assurances of the Navy that they would force the passage," while Lord Fisher declared that "he had been against the Dardanelles operations from the beginning," makes painful reading. Here were revelations of misunderstandings which ought never to have existed and for which Mr. Churchill is partly responsible. It almost appears that his belief that the 15-inch guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* could "equal" the performance of the 38 cm. howitzers at Antwerp—an utter fallacy which any expert artilleryman could have exploded—was a root cause of the splendid failure at the Dardanelles. But other causes were at work. Mr. Churchill has made it clear that, in his mind, as in that of Lord Fisher, political objects were permitted to confuse direct naval and military issues. His gaze was fixed not on the Turkish Army, but on Constantinople and the political advantages which its occupation held out. To the last he seems to have believed that a few ships might have been rushed into the Marmora, ignoring the defences of the Bosphorus and the victorious Turkish Army left behind them. On the other hand, Lord Fisher's eyes were deflected upon the capture of Berlin, when the primary objective was the High Seas Fleet. That political aims must be brought into full harmony with military—in the broad sense—considerations and capabilities is one of the lessons of Mr. Churchill's book which may pass unheeded. We are presented with copious memoranda, minutes, and appreciations from his facile pen, in which political con-

siderations loom large, and naval and military considerations are too often treated in amateur fashion. Among the many confidential documents which he reveals there is none more clear and wise than Admiral Sir John de Robeck's telegram of March 25th, despatched after the experience of the attack on March 18th had sunk into his mind; but Mr. Churchill read these measured opinions "with consternation." He is at his best in exposing the invasion scare, which appears to have been used by some military authorities even as late as March, 1918. [I had always feared the resuscitation of the alarms which Nelson and St. Vincent derided, and I had laboured to combat the idea that modern conditions vitiated the teaching of our greatest seamen.] When, however, the most dangerous German push occurred, the men who could have held the front of the 5th Army were supposed to be guarding England, and were then hurried across the Channel too late to avert heavy losses which were quite unnecessary. This, after the battle of the Marne, was probably the time of greatest peril, from which the devoted gallantry of our troops alone saved the Allies. It is to Mr. Churchill's credit that he fully grasped the dangerous folly of the invasion-mongers.

The Dardanelles campaign, entailing terrible sacrifices and cruel suffering, was only one of the failures of the Great War which the historian will record. All wars give examples of such failures, which were exhibited also on the German side. While they may be in part inevitable, their frequency and gravity depend upon the efficiency of the national methods of deciding upon and directing operations by the supreme controlling authority. The question which presents itself is: Can a Government, constituted as is ours, ever guarantee effective direction in a great conflict unless, by a happy accident, a conjunction of Civil Ministers, endowed with rare aptitudes and commanding personalities, happens to be in power? Mr. Churchill's eloquent volumes throw some new light on this great question.

The Brush

By Arthur Mills

(Author of "The Yellow Dragon")

It hangs mounted in silver, and cleansed of the mud through which, towards the end of that winter's day, it trailed, on the walls of a dining-room overlooking the Champs Elysées.

In his apartments my good friend, the Comte André de Novère, has many family treasures. There is the embroidered saddle cloth belonging to his ancestor who died leading the French cavalry against Wellington's guns at Waterloo; there are the buckled shoes another forebear wore on the way to the guillotine, a rose between his lips; there are personal souvenirs (some tender) that the Comte André has himself collected.

But of all his possessions there is none the Comte André values more highly than the brush of that red dog Warwickshire fox. I will try now to tell the story of it, as best I can from the details he himself has given me, supplemented by certain other accounts.

André stood in the doorway a little bewildered by the scene. Nearly every man in the room excepting himself wore a scarlet coat with silver or gilt buttons. They looked a jovial lot of fellows, who seemed to know each other and their partners well, and danced with amazing vigour.

This, then, was what the English called their *bal de chasse*. Ah, well! it was a gay spectacle certainly. André had seen nothing like it in other parts of Europe. It was a revelation to him that this businesslike, serious-faced people could enjoy themselves so unrestrainedly. But he should have had a red coat too. It would have given him more chance with the ladies. That adorable Miss Betty danced all the time with the young man in the scarlet coat with the black velvet collar and knee breeches and silk stockings. Hold! but he had thin legs, that young

man, and a face the colour of beetroot. He laughed all the time with his teeth; perhaps he said amusing things—for Miss Betty laughed too.

André passed a slim hand over his own pale face and little moustache. They did not know how to dance with a woman, these Englishmen, he reflected.

As Miss Betty passed him he shot a glance at her which was at once an appeal and a subtle compliment, so completely and appreciatively did it take in every detail of her person.

"There is Mossoo standing all by himself," she said to her partner. "I must go and dance with him; I don't think he knows anybody."

Tony Wear mumbled something about Mossoo being all right where he was, but Betty was firm, and when the music stopped made him take her to André.

She felt responsible, for André had come on a letter of introduction to stay in her father's house.

Sir John was Master of the Bilton Vale Hunt, a big, florid man of sixty, who had hunted four or five days a week for the last forty years. After one attempt to talk to André, Sir John had abandoned him to the care of his daughter and the younger members of the party.

Betty was twenty-two and exceedingly pretty. Her outdoor life had given her a glorious fresh colouring; her blue eyes and crisp brown hair radiated vitality. André found her a refreshing change from the closely guarded *jeunes filles* of the Faubourg St. Germain, who had never at any time been much to his taste.

It was, he knew, the wish of his family that he should marry at an early date someone of fortune and position equal to his own.

Mabel Blake, Betty's friend, sized up the situation the day after Mossoo arrived.

"You've vamped him, my dear," she said. "I'll bet a pair of gloves he goes to your old man and asks his permission to marry you before the week is out."

"I should like to see Pa's face," Betty answered; "don't think Pa likes him much; 'Mossoo's' clothes worry him. Saw him looking at those mauve socks of his this morning as though he had found poison in a covert."

Betty had no great opinion of Mossoo herself. Of

course, a foreigner could not be expected to hunt; but he might come down to breakfast; a man who had coffee and a roll in his room dissatisfied her somehow. However, she must do her duty by him as a guest.

André was not slow in taking his chance of a dance. As they glided round the room Betty had to admit that he was an improvement on Tony. Tony's hand on a bridle was as light as a feather, but when he got his arm round a girl's waist in a ballroom he became a young buffalo.

Few girls can resist a really perfect dancing partner, and Betty danced the encore with André and then the following dance, regardless of the fact that Tony, whose number she was cutting, was watching her stonily from the doorway.

When the music stopped Tony advanced and made a grievance, claiming to be given the following dance.

"But that one you especially promised to me," André protested, "to teach me your English fox-trot."

"Have the lancers?" Betty suggested to Tony.

"Thank you!" Tony bowed and retired to the smoking-room, where he stayed for the next hour in a considerable temper. Tony Wear was rather a spoilt young man, and Betty was not sorry for the chance to teach him a lesson. However, by the end of the next dance she began to fear she had encouraged André too much. Elated at the discomfiture of his rival, and never handicapped by want of assurance as to his own charms, Comte André made the going fast.

He whispered compliments in Betty's ear; he squeezed her hand; he deprecated the folly of his countrymen who through not coming to England missed seeing the most beautiful women in the world.

Betty decided it was time to pull him up.

"Oh, I think we are each best in our own country, don't you? I mean Frenchmen wouldn't really like English girls all the year round and . . . and . . . "

"The English girls would not like the Frenchmen?" Mossoo smiled amiably; "and why must my poor countrymen be in disfavour?"

"Well, we have got different tastes, haven't we? I mean Frenchmen don't hunt."

The way she said this conveyed volumes.

"Ah! you like the sportsman," André said; "then to-morrow I will hunt."

"Will you really?" Betty looked at him amazed. "Do you get much hunting in France?"

"There is hunting, yes—the stag, the boar, the fox; for myself I do not like it much; it is dull in the country in the winter; Paris is more gay."

Betty looked at him wonderingly. André continued:

"To please you I would do anything; even hunting."

"Did you ever hear anything to beat it?" said Betty afterwards to Mabel, who came in while she was brushing her hair.

"You made Tony pretty angry," said her friend. "I heard him muttering something about lounge lizards, and he'd be somethinged if he'd stand it."

Betty snapped her fingers. "Tony can go and stew himself," she said.

Which was precisely what Tony was doing—stewing himself up like a two hundred horse-power combustion engine. "Mossoo," on the other hand, went to sleep with a flower that had dropped from Betty's dress under his pillow, and indulged in the pleasantest dreams.

Sir John came down to breakfast in great good humour. He was always in a merry mood on the first day after a frost, and the household ceased to move about on tip-toe.

"Ha, Comte! So you are coming with us to-day," he said, slapping André on the back.

André choked over a mouthful of the unaccustomed porridge and dropped his spoon.

At the far end of the table Tony Wear morosely ate kidneys and bacon. He had seen Betty with her own fair fingers re-tying "Mossoo's" stock in the hall, and he felt if someone jumped on the little Frenchman before the end of the day it would only be the will of Allah.

The party left the house at half-past ten, taking a short cut across the park to the meet. André had been in the French cavalry and managed his horse with grace. This, however, was as far as his education went; he had never seen a pack of English foxhounds before. Betty, in her well-cut coat and apron, sitting light as a feather on a young chestnut mare, commanded his fullest admiration. From time to time he glanced sideways at Tony. Tony,

his hat crammed on his head, jaw set, had an air of grim purpose about him, which André felt to be a sort of challenge. However, André reflected that grace and charm of manner triumphed over this Englishman at the ball; it should triumph again at the fox-hunt.

The first draw was a large-sized wood. André took care to keep close to his lady-love. Hounds were slow working the covert, and André set himself to make the minutes pass as pleasantly as possible for Betty. He talked to her of many things—of the beauty of the woods; of the colour of bluebells and eyes that matched; of the fitful sleep of lovers who lived only till daylight should come and they could see their adored over again. Once or twice Betty moved away from him, and André, attributing this to her maidenly bashfulness, closed up.

At the far end of the covert he noticed a solitary figure with its back turned to them; after a bit the figure disappeared round the corner and was seen no more. He knew well to whom the figure belonged.

"Ah!" he thought, as Tony Wear moved out of sight.

Now he and Betty were alone. He noticed a change in her manner; she had become distant, and seemed to be listening or waiting for something.

"I say, I believe they've gone," she said. "I can't hear or see a soul."

"And we are alone!" said André softly.

She muttered something he could not catch, gave her mare a dig in the ribs, and galloped down the field. André followed. The chestnut mare had the legs of his horse. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of Betty's face; a great trouble seemed to have seized her.

"She is very young," thought André; "I must go gently with her." At the time, however, it was all he could do to keep up.

They overtook hounds after twenty minutes' hard galloping. André noticed that others, too, had galloped hard. Horses were flecked with foam and mud. Men had dismounted. In the centre of the field a ceremony was taking place. Ah! he saw now, it was "*la mort.*"

Two men stood on the ground keeping the hounds from pressing round the dead fox. André saw one bend over, cut something and hold it in his hand.

It was the tail of the fox—what did they call it?—the "brush," of which he had seen two in the hall at Wendon. A trophy, it seemed! Who would have it? André's heart beat hopefully. Perhaps, as he was a stranger, they would give it to him. The next moment his face dropped. The little man with the bandy legs, who held the brush in his hand, had looked about and gone up to Tony Wear, who was standing on the ground, his arm through the bridle of his mud-stained, sweating horse. The huntsman fastened the brush to Tony's saddle.

André saw Tony Wear turn and look at Betty, and she—she was smiling at him; she thought no more of him. André's heart was filled with mortification. But worse was to follow, for Betty left him and went to his rival, and a scrap of their conversation floated to his ears.

"Capital little hunt—very fast. Yes, went away very quietly—bad luck—jabbering so, that I couldn't hear myself speak—perfect nuisance—shall give him the slip."

Hounds moved off and Betty was as good as her word. She gave André the slip, riding ahead close beside Tony Wear. Once André sidled up to her, she looked at him hostilely, made no reply when he spoke, and turned and talked to Tony Wear. André's chagrin was deep; for a little while he rode disconsolately behind, then, turning his horse's head, made for home. On the way he overtook Mabel Blake, whose horse had cast a shoe and who was going back to look for a forge.

"Hallo, Comte!" she called, "going home! Well, what do you think of fox-hunting?"

"It is a great sport, ma'm'selle; but there is one thing I do not comprehend. The trophy of the chase—the—how you call it?—the bross, to whom do they give that?"

"The brush, Comte, why, they give that to the chap that catches the fox, of course," answered Mabel, laughing; then, as she saw that André took the remark quite seriously, she added: "Not quite that, but something like it."

That evening was for André as miserable as the previous evening had been happy. Betty was still in a rage with him for causing her to miss the best hunt of the day; she was barely civil at dinner, and after dinner allowed Tony to monopolise her. André's sensitive perception

detected something quite new in her manner to him—a most galling something, too, very like scorn.

She betrayed this when they said good-night.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" she asked.

"Hunt the fox," answered André promptly.

"Coming out again!" exclaimed Betty.

Her lip curled as she spoke. André winced at her manner of speaking. He bowed:

"To-day, ma'm'selle, the fortune was with others; to-morrow we shall see."

After which cryptic utterance the Comte André de Novere retired to rest.

"Mossoo's got a bee in his bonnet about something," said Betty Blake after he had gone.

Which was just what "Mossoo" had, and it was buzzing pretty strong.

The next morning, when the party set out to the meet, there was a noticeable change in André's manner. Instead of being his usual chattering self, he seemed moody and aloof. He rode alone, indifferent to the fact that his rival was monopolising Betty's society. For this Betty was thankful, as, if there was one thing she was anxious never to experience again, it was the Comte André de Novere's attentions in the hunting field.

Hounds drew an osier bed first in a field enclosed by a particularly stiff fence. Indeed, the fence was so stiff that there was only one way out, by a gate in the corner. Sir John, according to his custom, unlatched the gate and posted himself in the opening, so that if a fox broke covert no one should go away until hounds were properly on the scent. The rest of the field stayed a little distance from the gate, content to wait their time after the Master had gone through.

A sudden "Yoick! Gone a w a y!" rang out. All could see a fox crossing the next field.

Sir John sat impassive in the gateway until hounds should be clear of the spinney. A quiver ran through André, but as no one else moved he sat still too. Then all at once he perceived for himself the fox crossing the next field. Muttering an imprecation, he clapped his heels to his horse and charged the gate. The rest of the field were too astonished even to shout to him. The greatest

shock was reserved for Sir John, who was sitting placidly in the gateway with his back to the others when André came hurtling through the air about a foot from his nose.

"Hold hard!" screamed Sir John.

But he might have called to the waves. André, coat-tails flying, careered over the grass. Sir John started after him and the rest of the field poured through the gate.

The first flight of the Bilton Vale, consisting of Tony Wear, Betty, and four or five others, could have lived with the best in the land. However, they soon realised they would have to sit down and ride that morning; hounds were racing and the fox was running straight. Thanks to his start, André had only the huntsman and a whipper-in between him and hounds. On he flew in a straight line, taking the fences as they came.

"Mossoo's going pretty well," said Betty to Tony.

Tony said nothing; he was infuriated beyond words at being cut down by a foreigner in his own country. A lucky turn enabled him to make good the half furlong he lay behind. He drew level with André. André gave him a sidelong glance full of rancour and urged on his horse. They were approaching another of the big fences that were dotted here and there in that part of the country. Tony's experienced eye took in at once the only place in the fence where he could get over with any ease; it was a gap, with some rails let in, just in front of him.

André saw nothing except red. He certainly did not see the formidable nature of the fence. The gap was not wide enough for both to jump at once, and as it was directly on Tony Wear's line, he supposed André would give way. But not he! André took his whip out and crashed over at the psychological moment that Tony did, coming in slightly from the left and bumping him.

The jolt unbalanced Tony's animal, who fell on the other side, but André landed safely. Tony shouted something at André from the ground. André did not know what it was, but he could tell it was not complimentary.

"Ah! Ha!" André shouted back derisively.

Meanwhile Sir John, who knew every mole-heap in the hunt, had managed by a cunning cut here and there to keep up with hounds. Indeed, when they checked he

managed to reach them a full minute before André, for whom he was reserving a very special reception.

Hounds had checked by a stone wall, on the other side of which lay four acres of young and tender wheat. The huntsman tried a cast over the wall, while the field waited patiently. All at once a terrific bellow rent the air.

"Hold hard, sir! 'Ware hounds!" Sir John stood up in his stirrup and shook his crop. Two hundred yards away André was coming up, riding for dear life. He had seen the hounds go over that wall.

"Stop him, someone! Stop him!" yelled Sir John.

"'Ware hounds! 'Ware hounds!" yelled the whole field. André answered the challenge with a flourish of his whip.

"He'll break his neck, going at a wall at that pace," said Betty.

"Stop him! He'll kill a hound!" bellowed Sir John.

It certainly was a very clever horse that André was riding, for not only did he fly the wall as though it were a hurdle, in spite of all rules that these obstacles should be taken slowly, but he also managed to land in the middle of the wheat field and in the middle of the pack without damaging a single hound.

Under the very nose of Sir John and the infuriated farmer, André galloped the full length of that wheat field plumb down the centre, and disappeared from view.

At eight o'clock that night two couple of hounds and André were still missing. Neither hounds nor André had been seen since the check on the wheat field.

Much of a momentous nature had happened in the meanwhile. Tony Wear and Betty had ridden home together in the twilight, and an important conversation with Sir John had followed. The result of the conversation may be gathered from the fact that in the middle of dinner Sir John, having ordered the butler to see all glasses filled, rapped on the table, and, glancing slyly at his daughter and future son-in-law, rose to propose a toast.

At which precise moment the door burst open and in came a hound, plastered with mud, and rolled on the Aubusson carpet at Sir John's feet.

"By Jove!" said Sir John, examining the hound, "it's old Ravager, one of the missing ones; now where . . ."

Three more hounds trotted in from the doorway; a voice spoke apologetically.

"They have follow me."

There stood André, thorn-scratched and muddy as the hounds.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sir John.

"They are good dogs," said André placidly; "they have kill the fox."

"Killed! Where?" Sir John jumped up again.

André shrugged his shoulders.

"A long way from here, I think. After you call to me in the field, I go on and see these dogs which have left the others; they bark ough! ough! ough! and run with heads to ground as though they smell something; we go some time like this; then they stop and I call to them, '*Courage, mes vieux—en avant!*'

"So they put their noses to the ground and wag their tails and run on again. They run on a long time—sometimes slow, then one will go ough! ough! ough! and they all run faster.

"Then my horse fall in a ditch, and I too; I lose him and have to run. I run a long time, but the dogs they run faster and I—I lose them too.

"Horse lost, fox lost, dogs lost: everything lost—don't know where I am.

"I sit, I must rest for breath. Then I see coming down the hedge the fox. He very tired too, coat all muddy, tongue hanging.

"'Ah! *you!*' I say, running out at him.

He give a great jump into the hedge and disappear. I look and find a big hole. He have gone down that. The vexation is great. I cry. . . ." Mossoo held his hand over his eyes. "The dogs come up. I show them the hole. They stand over it and cry too.

"Two men come over from a house; one have little dog. 'Where is the varmint?' he ask me.

"I show him hole. He show hole to little dog; little dog disappear. Presently out come fox again—other side of hedge, and with one jump the dogs they have him."

André put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a draggled brush.

"*Voilà!*" he said, with a superb gesture.

"By Gad, Comte—you are a sportsman!" Tony Wear slapped him on the back.

"Ah—a sportsman!" A dreamy look came into André's eyes. He turned to Betty.

"If it would be permitted, I would like to give you this"—he held up the brush.

"Oh, no, Comte!" said Betty, "you must keep that yourself; you've earned it, if ever a man did."

André held out the brush determinately.

"It is for you that I have caught him."

Sir John, who was always acutely embarrassed by foreign codes of politeness, changed the subject. He filled an extra glass of champagne.

"You are just in time, Comte, to drink the health of my daughter and my future son-in-law. Betty! Tony!" he raised his glass.

It took André a moment to realise the full force of this blow. When he did he, too, raised his glass and drank. Then he picked up the brush and stuffed it back in his pocket.

That is the brush which, silver-mounted, now hangs in André's dining-room overlooking the Champs Elysées, Paris. Now and again he gives a description of the hunt to a friend. He gives the account in his own inimitably graphic manner, but he always ends a little sadly.

"She was lovely—incomparable," he says, looking dreamily into the fire. Then, pointing to the brush: "But I have got him too late."

The Tomb of Mumtaz Mahal —A Rhapsody

By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O.

"Sorrow and joy of all the East is here;
Sorrow of loss, and strife of love and death:
Joy of this world, and dream of Paradise,
Transfigured in a marble miracle."—GILBERT FOWLER.

IT is hard to write about the Taj. The soul prompts, but the brain shrinks and the hand falters. And yet so great a gift of God to His creation, so sure a testimony that man is of his highest nature godlike, merits one's best endeavour, and is of necessity outraged by neglect.

This mighty and enduring monument of Hope, this grand reply of the human race to the menace of Time and of Decay, grips all the faculties of our nature; changes us, raises us, holds us; makes us want to cry aloud our exultation. It defies criticism by rendering it absurd; for who would criticise the modelling of a lily, or the colour scheme of a sunset sky?

The story of its inception and fashioning is well known —how Shahjahán determined to enrich the world with a masterpiece of beauty, a symbol for all time of true and perfect love; and how, originally intended to do honour to his beloved Queen, it has since outgrown his fame and hers, so that in the contemplation of their wondrous sepulture we but dimly recall themselves.

Whether we regard it in the full glare of the Indian sun, by moonlight, or at the quiet close or opening of the day, the effect produced upon us by the Taj is magic. It is a common error to suppose that it, itself, looks best by moonlight, for such perfection needs no help from a kindly moon. The romance that lingers round it, the atmosphere which it distils, the subtle charm of an Eastern night—all these enhance the enjoyment of a moonlight visit. But they are merely accidentals. The brightest sunshine only

serves to accentuate its beauties. Flawless in loveliness, it has nothing to fear from scrutiny.

Thus I think that the first visit to the Taj should be made in broadest daylight. We should see it in its full beauty before we consent to see it veiled. It is true that

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

But Melrose is "all tenantless save to the crannying wind," and we may say, perhaps, of every *ruin* that it is best seen by moonlight; for the imagination, busy restoring and re-peopling it, has then an easier task. But the Taj in a state of ruin is unthinkable. The smallest neglect is a slight that must instantly take effect, since the secret of the attraction of this masterpiece lies in its perpetual newness, and the perfect unity of its design. Ruin, decay, neglect—it is the negation of all these. A thing of joy and palpitating life, at once a mirror of our souls and an inspiration to our thoughts and fancies, its existence seems bound up with our own, and any decline or deterioration overtaking it must mean demoralisation and decadence in us.

Some attempt at description is essential if one is to present any image of the Taj to the reader who has not seen it. But the difficulty is that though one may linger there for hours, marvelling at its beauty, one is all the time beneath a spell that verily confounds the senses, so that it is easy to depart almost without remembering its shape.

Let us see it first in the full splendour of a winter's day, rising in snowy radiance in an unclouded sky. Not long ago the precincts of the Taj were hemmed in by a chaos of refuse and bazaars. Men likened it to a pearl amid a dust heap. But now—thanks to Lord Curzon, that true and happy artist, who to the ability to see could unite the power to do—these sorry shackles are removed, and our approach is along a well-made road, through tastefully laid-out gardens, and welcomed on every hand by the typically Eastern scent of the mimosa. Away to the west is the vast mass of Akbar's fort—dull-red sandstone walls, picked out here and there by sunglints from burnished cupolas, and flecked by the white loveliness of Saracenic minarets. You reach the crest of a decline, and there before you, soaring above the trees, is the great central dome,

with the upper part of the arches also visible—perfect portion of a perfect whole.

Soon you are at the foot of this decline, and outworks and *caravanserais* obstruct the view. You pass into the spacious courtyard, and on its northern side a raised platform and massive gateway lead to your first communion with the Taj. A picture so entrancing greets you that you stay your forward steps lest the mere act of movement should dispel it. Framed in that vaulted gateway—the intervening space unseen or forgotten—appears, gleaming and ethereal, one of the arched recesses that face the four cardinal points. Marble inlay-work, so delicately designed that it resembles rare old lace, encloses this grotto-like recess. You pass beneath the entrance gateway, and at once the full vision is before you. And with what infinite appreciation of effect has this chief aspect been contrived! Above and on three sides the light is blotted out, and right ahead, completing a vista formed by ornamental tank and dark cypresses, itself a dazzling concentration of all brilliance, is the mausoleum.

The effect is one of extraordinary beauty. On a hot summer's day one might expect the vision to melt before one's eyes into the shimmering haze. In the clear, vibrant atmosphere of winter a puff of wind must surely waft it into nothingness. Yes, without doubt, this noonday aspect is the most wonderful.

To attempt the dissection of the Taj would be an impertinence, or work to be handled in the manner of one who demonstrates the mathematical exactness of a flower. We may aim at a halting appreciation, without hoping adequately to describe. We might speak of it as consisting of two parts, the upper and the lower—the dome and the mausoleum proper. It stands upon a marble platform, over three hundred feet square, having a graceful minaret at each corner, surmounted by a cupola.

The Taj is the *ne plus ultra* of the Saracenic, the perfection of that which so much of Indian architecture apes, the truth that is outraged by so many shams. It is a gift lavished by the genius and artistry of the earlier Moghuls upon a people afterwards contented with ludicrous and irritating tawdriness. So perfect are its proportions that we do not look upon it as on any other building. It is

essentially something that has been *fashioned*, not built. Nor does its sublimity in any way arise from a sense of vastness. The question of size—whether great or small—does not apply. We cannot think of *dimension* with regard to it. It suggests to us an exquisite jewelled casket, or a model in precious stones that has mystically filled the place of its original.

This dream casket is of octagonal shape, of gleaming marble, with a succession of arched recesses perfect in symmetry and grace, enclosed within frames of inlaid precious stones. Back in the shell-like interior of each arch an openwork screen filters the light into the great central chamber, and surmounting the whole is the graceful dome, a miracle of dainty lightness, springing from among four delicately chiselled cupolas. The marble of the dome is faintly tinted, and a gilded crescent crowns the tapering summit.

Twenty-two long years of labour, and twenty thousand workmen were devoted to this task. Every corner of the old world sent its offering. And what a masterpiece is the result! What a sanctuary from the cares and troubles of this everyday existence, and what a privilege is ours who can command it! Raised as a monument to the dead, it testifies to an unending life; and we glory as we look on it to feel that *here* is a handiwork of man that bears the imprint of eternity. There are influences unconnected with the mere modelling of stone and marble that subtly work upon us as we gaze, and the emptiness of a scheme that would end the yearnings which such contemplation prompts with the poor futility of the grave becomes convincingly apparent.

The Taj has ennobled the very view which it commands. As you stand at the edge of the wide platform from which it rises, the prospect on every side is full of charm. To the west is the straggling fort, and broad-sweeping many-channelled river. Downstream to the east occurs that fascinating commingling of swamp and desert which gives rise to *mirage* by day, and in the half-lights of the evening's afterglow reveals itself in subdued splendour. Northward, across the river, with its sandbanks and lazy current, you may trace the foundations of another Taj, that the Emperor Shahjahán is said to have contem-

plated for his burial-place. A marble bridge was to have spanned the river, and joined the two mausoleums. But dreary years of captivity prevented the realisation of this dream, and when he died the austere Aurangzeb buried him beside his Queen. The most generous fate could never have decreed another Taj to man.

A great peacefulness descends upon the scene. The lowing of the buffaloes that wallow in the river, and the shouts of their keepers, are mellowed by the calm serenity of one's environment. To the south are old-world gardens, with their shady groves and ancient paved walks, where one may stray in company with the past. How those rose-covered bowers and sun-chequered pavements, those rows of cypresses, and groves of deep-foliaged trees, those jets that sparkle from mossy fountains, and tiny murmuring rills amid the thickets—how they tell of spacious, unhurried days when minds were calm, and, in spite of frequent warfare, men found time for poetry and thought!

From the Taj platform may be seen, away to the north-west, the smudge across the sky that tells of the new age of commerce and gain, and the ugliness that is inseparable from the change. Yet, after all, we have attained to better things than were attempted by our predecessors; and even though it needed the intervention of a Viceroy to put a stop to garrison dances within the Taj enclosure, it is reassuring to see how completely the obligation of cherishing this masterpiece is now recognised by Government. There were periods when such care was not thought necessary. Old photographs in the museum tell the tale of how that spotless dome was blotched by damp and mildew. The gardens were a jungle, the tanks were choked with weeds, and the fountains idle. Those were the days when Englishmen—with the highest effort of which their minds were capable—described the Taj as "elegant" and "chaste," and an enthusiast likened it, in a moment of inspiration, to a *coy* maid.

In this museum there are specimens of the rare stones that adorn the mausoleum—onyx, cornelian, jasper, agate, cloud-stone, malachite, *lapis-lazuli*, turquoise, blood-stone. Do not their very names recall the charms that glimmer in their depths? On the walls are curious old prints of the river-front as it was in the palmy days of the Moghul

court, when emissaries of the Stuarts were finding their adventurous way to India. The wide sweep of the Jumna between the Fort and Taj was lined with the palaces of nobles, and small sailing barges, with quaint cabins on their decks, plied gaily to and fro. Alas! the palaces are gone, leaving scarcely a trace of their foundations, and of boats there are none at all.

Within the Taj the light is dim, and the air heavy with incense. In the centre of the grand octagonal chamber stands the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal, and by its side, slightly raised, is that of the royal founder, Shahjahán. Both are sarcophagi of the purest marble, inlaid with multi-coloured precious stones representing flowers; and carving and inlay work have been so exquisitely done that in some cases fifty or sixty varieties of stone, in every shade of colouring, are combined within the space of a single inch. An octagonal screen, eight feet high, and cut from solid blocks of marble, surrounds the cenotaph. It is carved in open tracery, in intricate designs of lilies, irises and lotus—flowers that they both had loved in their far-off summer palaces amid the streams and foliage of Kashmir.

The actual tombs are exactly underneath the cenotaph, in a low, vaulted chamber, reached by a flight of polished steps. Here there are always offerings of rare perfumes and flowers. Not a day passes but these fresh-plucked blossoms are strewn upon their chiselled counterfeits. Flower-like in life, in beauty and delicacy like a flower, the gentle lady of the Taj sleeps lightly beneath this fragrant coverlet.

We reascend to the spacious chamber above. A large silver lamp,* hung from the unseen ceiling, throws a faint light, which glints, as one moves, from a thousand jewelled stones. A dull sound rolls in the vaulted roof, seeming to wake the echoes of past centuries. The attendant chants a verse from his devotions, and, like the cadences of some angelic choir, the notes conjoin in one swift volume, filling all the air with melody; then sink to a majestic undertone that leaves us awed and silent.

We step through the low doorway into the fast-fading light. The glow is disappearing from the western sky, and the hum of the city seems to come to us through vast

* Lord Curzon's gift.

distances. Along the river the night mists gather thickly, and slowly spread themselves across the marshes. The silent monument above us treasures each lingering beam, and seems to glow with an effulgence of its own. When we cease to gaze upon it, darkness has closed in all around.

The moonlight visit is a thing that calls for solitude and silence, something never to be forgotten, an appeal to one's inmost being that thrills with its directness, intimacy and power. We feel at once that speech is an utter uselessness, save we could speak with the accents of gods. The air, still and frosty, causes not a stir in the rows of jet-black cypresses. There is no ripple upon the water that mirrors the gleaming Taj. Looking into those depths, it seems as if this sanctuary is indeed detached from earth and incorporated with the eternity to which it belongs, or that the abstract thing called beauty is in those starry reaches mystically embodied and made manifest. The marble walk by which we approach might be a causeway stretching across space. We raise our eyes from this floating Taj to the sky-encircled one above. How the moonlight floods it! How pure and calm and wonderful it is! In the tense stillness we seem to hear a murmur as of music, infinitely low and sweet—music such as Shakespeare understood, and Keats and Shelley. Sweetly scented are the walks that wander through the flower-strewn grounds, and the sensuous fragrance of an Eastern garden hangs heavily in the air. There is a plot of grass, surrounded by dark trees, that calls to mind some old-world bowling green at home; till through a cleft in the foliage we are startled to ecstasy by the mausoleum—glistening and gleaming high upon its pedestal, a tabernacle of unutterable beauty.

We reach at length the entrance to the vaulted chamber, and, within, the echoing dome assembles the far-off voices of the night. They linger among the arches, changed from commonplace things to harmonies celestial. The shriek of an engine across the river, the rumble of a train upon the bridge, the cry of a jackal in the desert, each is reproduced within this chamber—marvellously clear and marvellously beautiful. We hear, too, the distant guard-room gong as it strikes the hour amid the sleeping barrack rooms of cantonments. Sharply the notes ring out, and

the chiming chorus which gathers in the vaulting is mingled with the sentry's chant—*All's well.* How many armies have spoken their brief records to this serene, unchanging monument! How many trumpets and signal-guns have dwelt in echo and re-echo here! Outside, if you climb to the summit of a tall-flanking minaret, you see the country stretching away into the haze of an Indian night, and the broad Jumna sweeping to its junction with the Ganges. Peace, brooding peace, is over everything. Yes, 'tis a fitting cry, that of the lonely sentinel—apt watchword for this wondrous Taj. . . . All's well.

* * * * * *

And, when this peace that is over all things has gained possession of our hearts, all the vague yearnings of mankind are answered. . . . All's well—for all is peace.

The Well-beloved

By Enid Clay

Whom the Gods love die young—

. . . .

So down the ages sung
We shall grow old and die
And lay our beauty by;
And all our potent charms
Lie wasted. . . Vague alarms—
See now! The Gods decree
Eternal youth shall be;
And old age keep the thrill
Of its quick heart-beats still:
The mind alert, the soul
Impatient to its goal
Thrusts forward. So of me,
Dear Gods, in charity,
Of me let it be sung—
Who, being old, died young.

Humane Slaughter of Animals

By Major J. B. Paget

I HAVE never met a man or woman who did not express the whole-hearted wish that animals killed for food should be dispatched in the most merciful manner possible and with the least terror and suffering, but ninety-nine per cent. of the people for whom the animals die appear to know little or nothing of the methods of slaughter adopted in England. Therefore, as they are responsible for the death of these animals and for the moral effect it may have on the men who carry out the killing, it is only reasonable that they should have brought before them the true facts of the case.

Between thirty and forty thousand large animals are daily slaughtered in England in some twenty thousand slaughter houses. Every slaughter house has to be licensed, but unfortunately not the men who do the killing. About three per cent. of the animals are dispatched by the humane killer—the rest with the pole-axe, or by cutting the animal's throat. I grant that, with the Jewish system, the novice can cut the throat of an animal as well as an expert, but by this method it takes, on the average, six minutes for the animal to lose consciousness. Professor M. J. Rowlands, M.D., who speaks at once as a pathologist, as a farmer, and as a butcher who slaughters some 1,500 pigs a year, says that "one hears a good deal to the effect that the animal does not feel pain when it has its throat cut, yet the real process of killing an animal does not consist in dividing its carotid arteries, but in puncturing the heart, or the aorta, and the animal suffers pain until it bleeds sufficiently to be unconscious. I have often seen pigs allowed to walk about the slaughter house bleeding until the poor animals drop—a horrid sight in these days of education and civilisation."

You will find no Christian butcher who is not against the Jewish method.

Now, if we turn to what the Jews think of slaughter by the pole-axe, we find Mr. Charles H. Emanuel, solicitor, and Secretary of the Board of Deputies of the British Jews (and therefore presumably representing Jewish opinion), discussing their methods compared with the Christian methods of slaughter and stating that "Gentiles are content to continue the ghastly cruelty of the pole-axe." So we apparently have both the present methods condemned—the Jewish system by the Christians, and the Christian system by the Jews.

One hears it argued that the pole-axe brings instant and merciful death in the hands of an expert, but one must remember that to use the pole-axe efficiently requires practice, like anything else. What the proportion of experts may be to those who are learning their trade, I do not know, but the number of duffers is certainly high, as anyone can prove for himself by inspecting the masks of hides at any skin merchant's. It will be found that in many cases there is more than one puncture made by the pole-axe, while in some instances these punctures run to nearly double figures.

I am not an expert in the slaughter of animals myself, but I have before me the evidence of people who are, and I will quote what Mr. John Dodds, Superintendent of the Carlisle Public Slaughter Houses, says in favour of the humane killer:—

> I have passed right through all grades of the trade, apprentice, slaughterman, shopman, and manager, right up to my present position of Superintendent with twenty-six years of experience. And I say boldly from fifty years of experience that the pole-axe, the hammer, and the hanging up to bleed to death should at once be brought to an end, and up-to-date instruments which are neither dangerous nor bad for the bleeding or keeping of the meat should be substituted.

Returning again to Professor M. J. Rowlands, M.D., he states:—

> Although I slaughter fifteen hundred pigs a year, using the humane killer, I have never had a single complaint that any single animal was not properly bled, or that the carcase has in any way been affected. This is saying a good deal, as my managers are drawn from the butchering trade, which is up in arms against humane slaughtering. Nor have I had a complaint from a single customer that my meat has not been all that could be desired, and yet all my animals are made unconscious immediately before they are bled, and I have no reason whatever to believe that the carcases are not as good and will not keep as well as when killed in the old-fashioned and cruel method.

Another slaughterman states :—

> With thirty years of practical experience behind me, I am entirely and whole-heartedly in favour of the humane killer; but the instant and humane despatch of the animal is not all that should be striven for. Great cruelty and agony, both physical and mental, are imposed on the animals in bringing them to the place of execution from the stock yards. The slaughtermen often have to break a bullock's tail more than once to get it into the slaughter house, and then kick it about the legs to get it into the required position.

All this preliminary cruelty is unnecessary, as we have concrete proof from the public slaughter houses of Sweden and Switzerland. There the animals are led in through very large doors, and the animal apparently does not recognise that it is in the slaughter house at all. When each batch of animals comes in there is no trace of blood from the former killing.

The animals stand quietly in rows. There is an assistant with a tray on which are humane killers—the slaughterman takes a humane killer, gives it a tap with a wooden hammer and the animal falls dead; he passes from animal to animal, and when all are down their throats are cut. Thus the carcases are as efficiently bled as by any other method, with this advantage, that the meat is never "fevered meat," as it is technically known in the trade. This fevered condition is apparently brought about by intense fear of death on the part of the animal that knows what is in store for it. It is a crying shame that England, who prides herself on love and humanity for animals, should lag behind Switzerland, Sweden, and Germany in not having public abattoirs.

There are no more kind and humane people in the world than the English Jews; I would ask them to use their great influence, as well as all Christians who hate cruelty, to have humane slaughter made compulsory by Act of Parliament, and private slaughter houses done away with.

To all slaughterers, let me commend the following lines cut out in the stonework of a German abattoir :—

> Thine is a task of Blood,
> Discharge that task with Mercy.
> Let thy victim know no pain,
> But let the sudden blow
> Bring death—such death
> As thou thyself would ask.

The Failure of Democracy

By E. P. Hewitt, K.C., LL.D.

For several generations the doctrinaires in politics have had their way, and under their influence the system of government by democracy has been afforded every opportunity of displaying its merits. That the result is disappointing few will be bold enough to deny. Probably too much has been expected of a system intrinsically illogical—involving, as it does, the government of the fit by the unfit; or, to state the case more accurately, the government of the relatively learned and wise by the relatively ignorant and foolish. It is a well-known aphorism of Disraeli that all the great things in the world have been done by the small nations. He might have added that the competent in any State always constitute a comparatively small minority of its inhabitants. Each successive extension of the suffrage has been usually described as "progress" or "advancement"; and the principle, formerly insisted upon by Liberals, that taxation and representation must go together has been abandoned. We have arrived at, practically, adult franchise; and plural voting has been so reduced as almost to realise the Radical ideal of "one man" (or one woman) "one vote."

There is an obvious danger in a country's policy being dictated by the counting of heads. Sir Henry Maine, in his thoughtful work on *Popular Government*, observes:—

"All that has made England famous, and all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, sometimes very small ones. It seems quite certain that if for four centuries there had been a very widely extended franchise, there would have been no reformation of religion, no toleration of Dissent, not even an accurate calendar. The threshing machine, the power loom, the spinning-jenny, and possibly the steam-engine, would have been prohibited. . . . We may say generally that *the gradual establishment of the masses in power is of the blackest omen for all legislation founded on scientific opinion,*

which requires tension of mind to understand it and self-denial to submit to it." (The italics throughout are mine.)

The educative value of the franchise will be denied by none; but it is a benefit which may be too dearly purchased. Moreover, even if, to secure the advantages of the widest possible franchise, every adult is given a vote, it is not necessary that every vote should be of equal value. The dangers inherent in universal suffrage might be greatly reduced by giving additional votes to persons with education. The possession of a degree might carry with it a vote; and there might be a special examination in history and political economy, the passing of which might give a vote. An extra vote might also be allowed for each house of personal residence or place of business an elector may possess. The mode in which, in a popularly governed State, political power should, so far as practicable, be distributed is expressed by Mr. Lecky in the following passage taken from his *History of the Eighteenth Century*:—

"The end of every rational system of representation is to reflect, in their due proportion and subordination, the different forms of opinion and energy existing in the community, *giving an especial weight and strength to those which can contribute most to the wise guidance and the real well-being of the State.*"

Lecky proceeds to point out how far these principles have been departed from in the government of Ireland:—

"In the representation of the British Empire, the part which is incontestably the most diseased has the greatest proportionate strength, while the soundest elements in Irish life are those which are least represented. About a third part of the Irish people are fervently attached to the Union, and they comprise the bulk of the property and higher education of the country; the large majority of those who take any leading part in social, industrial, or philanthropic enterprise; the most law-abiding and industrious classes; nearly every man who is attached to the British Empire. In three provinces, such men are so completely outvoted by agricultural peasants that they are virtually disfranchised. . . . To place the conduct of affairs in the hands of loyal, trustworthy and competent men is not the sole but it is by far the most important end of politics. *No greater*

calamity can befall a nation than to be mainly represented and directed by conspirators, adventurers or professional agitators, and no more severe condemnation can be passed upon a political system than that it naturally leads to such a result."

Up to 1832 the franchise in this country was very restricted; nevertheless, on the whole, the government was carried on in the national interest, and there was continuous progress, in the true sense of that word. The theory that intellect will always command respect, and that the unenlightened will follow the lead of the wise and learned, is not borne out by experience. Its fallacy is sufficiently proved by the object-lesson of Russia. So demoralising is the competition for votes under an extreme democracy that even men of intellect, who possess the capacity for leadership, are tempted to adopt the arts of the demagogue. Few politicians, under a wide suffrage, can resist the inclination to advocate policies which appear likely to be attractive, rather than those which, although temporarily unpopular, they know to be in the permanent interests of the country. By the combined effect of the Reform Acts of 1832, 1867 and 1885 the voting power was placed mainly in the hands of the wage-earners—tempered, nevertheless, by plural voting and by a certain deference still paid to education and rank. This deference has passed away, and for the last twenty years the democracy has enjoyed practically unlimited power. The historian will be able to record, during these twenty years, one long series of costly blunders; and, speaking generally, the greater the blunder (as, for example, in the case of Mr. Lloyd George's notorious land taxes), the more strongly has it received democracy's support.

It is interesting to reflect that but for democracy the Great War would probably have never taken place; or, at all events, victory would have been earlier secured and at far less cost. Democracy scorned all warnings of the German peril; and the fear of opposition from organised Labour deterred Ministers—who were aware of the danger—from taking the naval and military measures required to meet the threatened attack; and deterred them also from informing Germany in July, 1914, that we should stand by France if attacked—a step which would almost certainly

have prevented war. During the war, regard for the views of organised Labour (*e.g.*, as to conscription, the blockade, reprisals, the suppression of strikes, etc.) was a constant source of weakness and trouble; and it has been, mainly, the fear of democracy which has led to the disastrous mistakes committed since the war ended. The weakness shown by our representatives throughout the peace negotiations; the time consumed in discussing a League of Nations, having no military force and no power of enforcing its decrees; the *tendresse* shown for Germany and for the Russian Soviet, and the coldness displayed to France; the theory, invented by pro-Germans, that it would be beneficial to this country to be paid the debt owing from France but injurious to receive reparations from Germany; the surrender to rebellion, and the betrayal of the loyalists in Ireland; the policy of doles and subsidies; the impoverishment of the cultured classes, and particularly of the landed gentry—can all be directly traced to the influence of organised manual Labour in this country.

Whether the British Empire, for any length of time, can be maintained under an unchecked democracy remains to be proved. But if it should hold together, it will be with immense difficulty, and it will be in spite, and not by reason, of our adoption of this form of government. Under democracy—without sufficient checks and balances—there must be the danger of Bolshevism; unless, indeed, it should be prevented by the rise of Fascism. It is unwise, therefore, for Parliament to delay taking steps to make such amendments as may be practicable in our Constitution with a view to securing, in future, greater wisdom and stability, both in administration and in legislation. What precise form such amendments should take requires careful thought; but the following suggestions are offered for consideration: (1) The franchise might be amended in some such mode as mentioned above; (2) the Parliament Act might be repealed; (3) a Supreme Court to determine Constitutional questions, as in the United States, might be set up; (4) the Referendum system, prevailing in Switzerland, might be employed here. If any one or more of these reforms were adopted, strength would be added to our Constitution and consistency to our policy.

The Anti-Feminist Folly

By Lady Frances Balfour

Mr. Ludovici, whose name suggests a strain of Latin blood, must therefore perhaps be accorded a greater liberty in the use of invective than would ordinarily be conceded to the average Englishman. Otherwise we should find it necessary to reprove him for writing as "the Shrieking Sisterhood" were supposed to talk.

No doubt he was gallantly fighting the cause of this country, and was much absent from it both in the body and in the spirit during those years when he thinks the stay-at-homes ruined the prospects of that England he loves so well.

Let us endeavour to disentangle his argument from the rubbish-heap of invective and innumerable adjectives in which it is buried. Mr. Lloyd George has had plenty of critics, but I do not know if he has been accused of being effeminate or a Feminist before. Anyway, he has sinned in that he has supported the three F's: "Folly of Feminine Franchise." It would have been a more telling title had it been used before and not after the event. If Mr. Ludovici will search the records of English history he will find many articles and pamphlets written about the time of the great Reform Bill, in which those who gave citizenship to the great body of the English people were spoken of in even more violent terms, and by Englishmen who ought to have known their fellows better. There was also a great flood of prophecy let loose, still unfulfilled, and if any are inclined to feel their knees trembling under this terrible screaming fit, let them open the books where these silent records face them on the pages of a history which is still warm with the fires of Bristol, the Peterloo of Manchester, and the rick burnings that blazed into the peaceful air of England.

Mr. Ludovici might rise from his study of a past period of history a wiser statesman. He seems "humiliated as

an Englishman of taste and discrimination" when he reads the Press, written for and by the stay-at-homes during the war. If we could direct that foam-producing reading we might even in that period show him some illuminated spots, wet, no doubt, with the blood of the brave and the tears of women, but bright with the spirit of comradeship as between men and women, flowing with the love of country, consecrated by the sufferings of a people drawn together in hope and courage by adversity.

"The atmosphere was stifling," we are told. No doubt the manufacture of "munitions" was often difficult and stifling, but the women never complained, whatever their munition work implied. They were well paid; so was everybody, men and women employed at the front, or on the second line of defence at home. The Silvertown explosion and many another caused death and suffering, but the workers among the wreckage only spoke of quiet courage and endurance. A woman worker at Gretna had her arm torn out by a machine. In the exhilaration of the moment she held it up and said, "See what I have lost for my country." Women did their duty. Why should they fail more than their sons at the Front? They were, perhaps, over-praised, but Mr. Ludovici must allow something to the long years when they were under-estimated.

On the paragraph which deals with the relations of men with women, especially in Government Departments during the war, we do not think it is useful to dwell. We are sorry such things are printed, but we are glad to know that they are untrue, and that everyone in this country knows that they are so.

Let us pass on to "the brazen calf"; we find this is the description of Mr. Lloyd George. We have to look through many hectic paragraphs before we find what earns him this pleasing title. In fact, we do not discover any particular reason for this description of England's Prime Minister.

The offence seems to be that the rights of citizenship were conferred on women during the time of the war, and that the sole cause for giving it was that women had done their part in that war. It will not be denied that while the manhood of England was drained off to the war fronts women took their places at home. They would have been

compelled to do it had not the women answered the call; there were no conscientious objectors among them. It was not because they did their duty, but because they proved themselves good citizens that the country granted them what had long been asked, the franchise. It was Mr. Asquith, a converted enemy, who said that in the great industrial upheaval that must be faced it was impossible to deny women a voice in the nation's counsels.

Again, we must beg Mr. Ludovici to study history, and particularly the history of this growing demand on the part of women. The war brought the argument into practical politics, but men and women had been slowly educated during the last sixty years. It began with the Reform Bill of 1832. It began with the education of the people. It was part of a great Liberal enfranchisement movement all over the world. And if Mr. Ludovici will check his immoderate ravings and look round upon the world of to-day, he will *cherchez la femme*, and will find her not more conspicuously silly in her attitude to public affairs than is her fellow-man. Citizenship knows no sex; it knows only the good comrade, the fellow-worker of the common weal. Let him take his courage in both hands and go bravely forward. He may even yet aspire to be the leader of brave and courageous women.

Ere we close this review we must for one moment ask Mr. Ludovici if he seriously means what he says on the debate in the House of Lords:

> The Earl of Selborne's reply was characteristic of the whole class of smug middle-aged stay-at-homes, who had never spent two minutes of their lives under German fire. . . . "What! Could the physical sufferings of a man be compared for one moment to the anguish of some of the mothers who lost their sons, or the wives who lost their husbands?"

We are reminded of the story of Flodden Field, and how the news was received in Edinburgh:

> For all of them were Fathers,
> And their sons were with the King.

This is too sacred a subject for us to allow Mr. Ludovici to speak as he does of both women and men. He is the stranger who intermeddleth not with our joys or sorrows. He is treading on ground which no unhallowed feet are allowed to touch. Suffice it to say that men and women have been more drawn together by the supreme sacrifice

than anything that has happened before in the history of the race. It was the knowledge of the broken hearts and ruined lives that made the manhood of the country recognise that the women of the nation, and the women of the generation that entered into the great agony, should be accorded an equality of citizenship. It was the gift of a free and generous people.

This article of Mr. Ludovici, if it has been read, may do good. It may remind women of the great and responsible position that they have attained. It may remind men that if such arguments can be used, and such invective called down, we are none of us far removed from savagery and cruelty. It is only the vision that can lift us above ourselves: Sacrifice, and Redemption, and Peace at length among the men and women of good will.

Destiny

By Madeleine Lucette Ryley

The withered leaves must fall—a Zephyr's breath,
They flutter to the Earth—and that is Death.
From Death springs Life, the fallen leaves are fleet
To aid Dame Nature in her quaint conceit.
Content to yield obedience to her law
Their wrinkled bodies round the Saplings draw,
And screen the tender shoot from Winter's chill,
'Tis thus that they their destinies fulfil.
Oh! Mighty plan! Where Day is born of Night
And out of Darkness shines the Morning Light.
Where Youth and Age contend for single goal,
The wondrous working of a perfect Whole.

The Death Penalty in Time of Peace

By M. P. Willcocks

So sluggish is the flow of the river of civilisation that it is often hard to answer definitely that greatest of all questions: Are we advancing, or is progress a mere illusion? But in one part of the human story the answer is surely, "Yes, the world grows better"; for in the record of its treatment of crime and punishment civilisation is moving from darkness into light, moving visibly—if, that is, one takes a view that is long enough to give the true perspective.

To prove this, we need go no further back than the Middle Ages, when every town and abbey, every lord of the manor, had the right of inflicting capital punishment, and this in many forms. Sometimes death came by drowning, and drowning pits were possessed by many towns and even villages. The penalty for certain shipping offences was to chain the culprit on the shore to await the rising of the tide. For women death by burning was a concession to morality, since by this means there was no exposure of their bodies. Certain criminals in the sixteenth century were boiled to death, and as late as 1832 men hung in gibbets. Hanging was practised for centuries side by side with drowning, beheading, burning, and boiling. Executions, of course, took place in public and gave rise to those scenes of vice and cruelty which throw such a light on the possibilities of human nature. It was these hideous orgies that, in 1868, brought the Act which ended executions in public. But publicity was maintained to this late date because it was supposed that the sight of a violently inflicted death would deter from crime.

It is precisely for the same reason that we to-day retain the practice of execution—because it is supposed to deter, even though it takes place in private. But if execution

does actually deter from crime, then the more public it is the better. The eighteenth century was so logical in this matter of the beneficence of hanging that we find many instances in that period of children being taken to see a hanging on the ground that such a sight would have a moral effect on them. At last, however, the legislature was convinced that public executions actually conduced to the mood of brutal hysteria in which the minds of men are ripe for violent crime. What we do not yet realise is that precisely the same effect is produced by the trial in court, to be followed, unseen by the mob, by death in the execution shed, or "cold-meat shed," as it used to be called in prisons.

When an execution became a matter for the sheriff and the prison officials, it was no doubt supposed that the contagion of hysterical violence would be stifled. For it was obvious, of course, to all sane observers that executions in public simply roused the lusts of the mob. To do away with such spectacles was simply part of the process by which all nations, as they advance in civilisation, gradually abolish gladiatorial shows, bull-baiting, and torture scenes. Most people who think in terms of psychology will agree so far. But we do not yet see that the public trial, where the spectators watch to see if the prisoner is to die a dog's death or to escape, is nothing more or less than mass-suggestion practised by the officers of State at the command of the legislature. Those persons who gloat over the agony of the man or woman in the dock where the punishment may be death would, if they could, crowd round the scaffold for a hanging, a burning, a boiling, a drawing and quartering. The mischief would be far less horrible in fact were it concerned only with those actually in court at the trial. But, as things are to-day, the majority of the nation hang, day after day, over the details of a murder, always with the horrible death of the accused before their inner eye.

This is to poison the body politic with a morbid virus before which numbers of unstable people go down. After the execution of Mrs. Thompson it is recorded that a boy hanged himself in a woman's clothes and with a woman's bust in cardboard attached to his body. Such incidents follow an exciting murder trial simply because our present system of dealing with this crime is an encouragement of

the disease which gives rise to murder. In many cases of killing it will be found that the deed is most irrational, even from the murderer's point of view. A man will thus murder his wife because he wants to go off with another woman. But why, if the death penalty deters, does he run this terrible risk? Why does he not simply leave his wife, and so attain his end without this possibility? Largely because the man is the victim of a morbid force of suggestion which creates fashion in crime as in other things. The very horror of the death penalty helps to create in potential murderers that hysteria which sweeps a man away into the passion to kill. For the lure of dreadful things is at least as real as the magnetism of beauty or happiness. In this matter precisely the same effect is produced by the death penalty as was the result of the great religious persecutions, in which the more awful the sufferings of the victims, the more the spirit of man rose to defy them. You cannot deter men either from the heights or the depths by anything violent, cruel, and shameful. It is, therefore, not possible for the State to hope to deter men from violence by the spectacle of a solemn sentence of death being passed on a living man. By inflicting death by the hangman, after the slow torture of weeks in the condemned cell, we offer to the masses the spectacle of the State, not only killing, but torturing, since the man must needs die in thought a million times before the breath is out of his body.

If we wish to deter from murder, we must banish all possible incitements to morbid imaginations. The man who has killed must be shown, and the spectators along with him, not another example of violence, but the ordered rationality of mercy; not mercy to live freely and as he wills, of course, but that mercy which allows him a chance of reform by means of a life of toil and service. As he has done great evil, so, in a wise State, would the man be shown the way to great service. It is related in old records that certain murderers nursed and cared for typhus-stricken patients, even taking on themselves the duties from which the prison officers had fled. In the same way, the prison discipline of the future will know how to re-make men. But to do any actual re-making requires years, and cannot possibly be effected through the granting

of a few weeks in which the murderer is supposed to "make his peace with God," and this, too, in such circumstances of horror and fear, that those condemned to live in the prison beside the wretch so treated can scarcely bear to watch the changes wrought in him by his ordeal.

It is, indeed, a marvel that this country, which regards itself as in the forefront of democratic nations, should not have removed from her penal code one of the last barbarous relics of the past, the death penalty, especially since it has been abolished by Norway, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Austria, Roumania and Portugal, by twelve States of America, and practically by Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland. For there are many signs that, as far as England is concerned, the reduction in the numbers of those sentenced to death is wrapped up with the growth of the people's power. In the year of the first Reform Bill the death penalty was removed in the case of many crimes, and this process has continued so that, after having one hundred and sixty crimes that were punishable by death, we now have, in practice, only one. "The hangman, ever busy, and ever worse than useless," wrote Dickens of that dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, with its burglaries and highway robbings, all punishable by death. In that year the violence of the State was answered, as usual, by violence on the part of the people. But it is now recognised by us all that the death penalty did not deter in the case of one hundred and fifty-nine crimes that were punishable by it. Why, then, should it be still believed that it deters in the one hundred and sixtieth?

It is believed because we give no thought to the matter of suggestion as it affects the masses; we are no psychologists as a people and we do not realise the atmosphere of poisonous infection we let loose every time a sensational murder trial is followed, as in the Bywaters-Thompson case, by revolting details of the mental torture inflicted on the wretched victim of the principle of vengeance. For by private execution we have driven the cruelty underground, and, furthermore, we have so divided the responsibility that no one feels himself a murderer because he has taken part in an execution. Thus the sheriff sends for the hangman and pays him, the Home Office pays the assistant

hangman, and the prison authorities are responsible for the perfect working of the apparatus of death. The under-sheriff usually witnesses the execution, and the Home Secretary deputises for the Sovereign in the matter of a refusal or reprieve. Finally, for a great number of years at any rate, neither Home Secretary nor judge ever sees an execution. And so the taxpayers pay about £120 every time a murderer is executed, starting with the expenditure of £80 as wages for the warders who remain with the man by night and day, from his sentence to his death, lest he should shorten his purgatory by suicide. At the back of our minds we have also, no doubt, the idea of the Mosaic Law, with its life for a life, though the man dies far more painfully, in a mental sense, than his victim did, and although we profess to live under the law of Christ, whose principle of expiation is, " Go, and sin no more."

It is not possible to maintain that the death sentence deters, in ordinary times, for the evidence of fact is against this. It did not deter in the eighteenth century, and, in fact, a chaplain of Bristol Gaol has recorded that out of 167 persons whom he had prepared for death, no less than 161 had actually witnessed an execution. In modern times, out of twenty-seven American States where, in 1910, committals for grave homicide were not more than one per hundred thousand people, ten were abolitionist States. To quote the figures relating to the whole of America, as Major Paget does in his article in the September issue of this journal, to prove that the death penalty is deterrent in peace time, is most misleading. For the laws regarding murder differ from State to State, and that America, as a whole, has eight thousand murders a year proves nothing at all unless we see how the murder statistics in abolitionist States compare with those in non-abolitionist ones. But the statistics show that out of nine States where homicides are returned as less than 4 per 100,000 inhabitants five are States where the death penalty has been abolished. Again, out of the fourteen States with the highest lynching rates no less than eleven are those with the largest numbers of executions. Legal violence goes hand in hand with illegal here.

One of the most essential points in the consideration of capital punishment is the question of reprieve and of

invariability of sentence. The ideal in the case of all crimes is, of course, automatic and regular sentences, with the slightest possible intervention of chance. But from the start luck works more powerfully in the case of murder than in any other offence. For with the advance of civilisation many juries shrink from passing a verdict that means death. Juries in lesser cases are not influenced by these more modern scruples; their verdict is therefore far more likely to be reached automatically in all parts of the country. Here, then, is the first working of chance, according to the constitution of the jury in a murder case. But when the Home Secretary is called upon to grant a reprieve, this same element of chance intervenes. For Home Secretaries differ amazingly in their decisions. One is most severe, another very lenient. Judges differ again in their methods, some absolutely direct their juries, others leave as much responsibility as possible to them. Thus, with jury's verdict, judge's sentence, and Home Secretary's final decision, there is nothing but personal bias to decide a final issue of life or death. We are far indeed from that reliability of sentence which is the aim of justice.

Again, the dice are loaded against the poor man. The jury may strive to think straight, the judge may try to weigh his sentence as carefully in the case of the poor man as of the rich, but neither judge nor jury is beyond the skill and power of an advocate, one of those men who can play on the instincts of others as on a musical instrument. But it is the rich offender, and the rich alone, who can afford to pay for the services of those great pleaders in the courts, men whose very names often carry with them a magnetic power. The public conscience was profoundly stirred when the poor lad, Jacoby, died for an act of irrepressible terror, and the deliberate plotter of murder was allowed to live. Had Jacoby been sentenced to imprisonment, whatever was unjust in his fate could have been remedied. But the irrevocable nature of the death penalty is the more terrible if it be recognised that evidence in many capital cases is circumstantial. And who is truly competent to declare beyond all doubt that the interpretation of facts is always correct? As a fact, of course, the records of the past prove that the innocent have died. But it does not make for

good order that sentences should be passed which cannot possibly be rectified, whatever later records may leap to light. But worst of all is the fact, which grows clearer day by day, that, although we do not hang for a crime committed by a man who is insane, our most expert knowledge of psychology is still too crude to draw a true line between madness and sanity. The whole region of the causes of crime is actually, where motivation is concerned, uncharted country. And even where lifelong students of mental disease may be able to lay down a few guiding principles, who will maintain that any common jury, any ordinary judge, is fitted to decide issues of life and death that demand a supreme knowledge of mentality and motive?

If the citizens of this country still uphold the death penalty which is carried out in their name, they must face yet other facts. One is that, while taking no part in violence themselves, they hire servants to carry out a sentence from which human nature should naturally shrink, and from which it does shrink wherever it is not warped. They demand from the prison officials the performance of a nerve-racking task, for smooth men sit in offices and deal with papers, whilst other men carry out the orders which sweep a sentient being out of the world. In prison administration this matter is very important. For the fellow-prisoners of a condemned man or woman are bound to know that he or she is in their midst. There is a strange heaviness over the prison throughout those weeks of waiting, with its minimum of three Sundays for repentance. And on the morning when the sentence is to be carried out waking is a horror to others besides the man who is to die. Some cell-windows are fairly certain to look out on the burial ground. All this is unfair to the other prisoners, who, if they are callous, cannot be softened by this spectacle of the State's deliberate use of mental torture, or who, if they are sensitive, should not be made more unhappy than they need be. And—is it actually supposed that this atmosphere of dread can tend to edification?

But the case of the prison officers is worse. For although, perhaps, the majority of these are so trained to carry out orders, whatever these may be, that they coolly endure this order among others, yet the very fact that they can go through the ordeal calmly proves them to be

unfitted to deal humanely and sensitively with the prisoners in their charge. To see a man die by violence, to tend him weeks before he dies, must be horrible to an ordinarily constituted human being. Prison officers, then, if they feel no distaste at this task, are men whom discipline has so hardened that it has made them unfit to handle, to influence, impressionable human beings. But if, on the other hand, these officials suffer at this work, has the State the right to demand of any men that they should be required to outrage the highest feelings of human nature?

These considerations should appeal especially to the English people, for they have carried the art of living decently as far probably as any of the nations. England values pre-eminently ease, comfort, and happiness: it is her chief merit, in morality, to have discovered that a man cannot truly be easy in mind unless those about him are also fairly happy. Yet we still cling to this barbarism, although the first Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty was founded in 1828, and numbered among its committee such men as John Bright and Richard Cobden.

The death penalty does not deter from crime in peace times; but, on the contrary, the sight of a sensational trial where a death by the hangman is involved actually creates the morbid hysteria that conduces to crime; the death penalty leads to more inequality in murder cases than in any others; the carrying out of executions acts injuriously on prison administration; if the Mosaic Law is replaced by Christian ethics, then the death penalty is intolerable; and, finally, violent actions perpetrated by the State lead naturally to violence on the part of private citizens.

Why, then, do we retain it?

Says Sergeant Murphy

By A. P. Garland

Mr. Lloyd George and the U.S.A.

"The walls of Jericho," said Sergeant Murphy, "has fallen to the pinithratin' sound of a small thrumpet from the Welsh Hills, and wanst more America is comin' forward to save democracy from the disordhers that are throublin' her sorely thried interior."

"What's that, Sar'nt?" asked the landlord. "Bit out of the Bible, ain't it?"

"It might be, but it isn't," was the reply. "What I'm thryin' to tell ye is that Europe is goin' to be saved from herself through the unselfish efforts of the young and growing Republic of the West.

"Mind ye, Heddle, the performance will be by special request. Ever since President Wilson wint back home with the Threaty of Versailles in his pocket and was met on the quay be a tumultuous throng of welcoming citizens with pavin' stones in their hands, we've been wooin' America like an ould beau after a rich widow.

"We've sood her be every litherary means from Ethel M. Dell to Shakespeare; we've sood her be prompt payment of the intherest on the debt we conthracted on behalf of our gallant but unbusinesslike Allies; we've sood her be large but secret consignments of whisky that was too young for the tired palates of the dear homeland; we've sood her be novelist-lecturers and nearly brought on another war; we've sood her *in forma Papyrus*, as the lawyers call it, and let our star three-year-old stumble to the winning-post like a lame cab horse! Then whin all else failed, we sint Lloyd George—and the battle was won.

"Yes, Heddle, the Americans may threat our heavyweight boxers and our tinnis players with well-merited scorn, but whin it comes to long-distance oratory, with

dawns risin' behind hills, and captains on bridges guidin' the vessel of State past the rocks that threaten to engulf the fair fabric of the civilisation that is the product of a thousand years of goodwill among min, and the common heritage of Milton and the Ziegfeld Follies, and ignorin' the unfair comparison between horn spectacles on the one side and spats on the other, and anyhow the two countries upholdin' the banner of righteousness and the Eight Hours Day, and linked together be Charlie Chaplin and the Ford car—why, the little man from Wales had their spellbinders whacked be the length of a sthreet!

"'I came,' says little David, 'I saw, I concurred in every sintiment that the Great Republic holds about itself. I used tact. I passed the problem of Prohibition with a jest. I paid the customary thribute to Abraham Lincoln and Washington—whichever comes first I misremember—and laid a wreath on the tomb of the invintor of the cream sundae. I was careful to point out to the proud and noble nation that it was they that had won the Great War for civilisation—all the more easily because I'd said the same thing many a time to the Frinch, the Italians, the Serbs, and a lot of other counthries whose national anthems was the biggest ordeal we had to bear durin' the great sthruggle that convulsed the world. In the end I had America in the hollow of me hand, and if it wasn't that I've a few old scores to settle with me dear colleagues of the past, I'd take out naturalisation papers and become the next Presidint!'

"'Anyhow,' he says, 'I've convarted America to a sinse of her duty towards weak, effete Europe, and with the adjustmint of the Twelve-mile Limit conthroversy, and another coat of paint on the Ellis Island pinitintiary, the Union Jack and the Stars and Sthripes can be intertwined everywhere as they are twice nightly be Anglo-American gymnasts and performin' seals in our music halls.'"

"What's America going to do?" asked Heddle.

"I don't know," answered the Sergeant. "They're a ginerous race, marred be the national motto of 'Safety First.' They started out wanst to make the world safe for democracy; they ended up by making it safe for the United States."

Empire Free Trade

By Austin Harrison

As we enter the fourth winter of unemployment, the Empire assumes an almost peremptory significance. Not only have attachments reached a new stage, but the sheer utility of the design is at stake in post-war conditions which have left Britain, a world within a world, as the central problem. The destiny of England is the Empire. Or, as we may truly say: "What do we know of England, who only England know?" The question has become acute because (1) of the "camouflaged peace" (to quote the Premier's words) which has destroyed European purchasing power and threatens radically to weaken it; (2) because of the home unemployment which is largely its consequence; (3) because obviously Empire development will increasingly depend upon the business nature of an association which is rapidly growing beyond the locking ties of sentiment, hitherto the bulwark of its loose and centrifugal structure. Sentiment is, of course, vital and essential, in the clanship and tie of language. But sentiment is not all in an epoch of trade policies which have quite superseded the old reasons of State; and particularly as the power and motive of trade policy assume the centripetal form in accordance with the new and already actual control of capital, vested in centripetal finance. It is perhaps this money aspect of the question, unfortunately only too little discussed, that is the real urge towards a fresh orientation.

It is useless to-day to be doctrinaire. Post-war Europe is not a mere abnormal result, it is a positive condition, of war, and its reactions are entirely different from those following the overthrow of Napoleon, not only because credit, as we now know it, was then virtually non-existent, but because the net result of Waterloo was peace, whereas the net result of Versailles is war.

Historically, we undoubtedly face a new era. The war has shifted power from the Old to the New World.

To-day, four world States or civilisations emerge. Foremost among them is America, with her corollary—Pan-America. The British Empire is the second great State, founded on and rooted in India; followed by Japan and her Asiatic corollary—China; lastly, there is Russia: and to be noted is the significant fact that Britain and Russia lie on the fringes of Europe, East and West, both, by culture, interest and geographical opportunity, outside the design and nationalistic emotionalism of Continental Europe.

This shifting of power and the potentiality of power is highly relevant to the economics of Empire. Europe, as remapped by treaty, as disintegrated by a peace which implies war—war conditions, war traditions, war meanings—cannot politically be regarded as a stable configuration, and, economically, as we in England know to our cost, cannot inspire confidence which is the basis of credit. All over Europe a fierce, unreasonable nationalism raises its hydra head. All across Europe intolerable barriers to trade dislocate and threaten to suffocate distribution and purchasing power, and in the rise of the Succession States the economic system of pre-war Europe has been destroyed.

Before the War, Europe—German Europe—was in great part a Free Trade system. Commercial treaties regulated the balance, which, in turn, was regulated by finance policy, controlled in London and based upon gold. These treaties have been swept away. Gold is no longer a European standard. Post-war Europe represents a chaos of conflicting multiple systems based upon policy rather than upon economics, which have gravely impaired our market. Unless and until Europe is restored to conditions of peace—and that cannot be until the problem of reparations is solved economically instead of militarily—the pre-war European market must remain half-closed to us, for the simple reason that Europe, on paper, cannot buy; and, *per contra*, we cannot compete as exporters with prices which can always be made to undersell ours on a system of "paper" subsidy. That is indeed axiomatic of the existing European situation.

There is this important aspect to consider in this connection—credit. Money policy controls, and the object of money control is price control. Side by side with

our original Free Trade development, we had credit-issuing banks, fostering production, encouraging initiative, and our position was only shaken when Europe also went on a gold basis. But since the War we are no longer the premier gold credit State, and our banking or State restriction of credit is no longer helpful to trade in paper conditions; it is even harmful, as it is a contradiction to freedom of exchange in goods while controlling freedom of credit which is the vehicle of exchange. That is, of course, the reason of the cry for a "little inflation." Trade suffers for lack of credit. Money is king, not capital or capitalist producers in the old sense. The money "pool" controls; the dynamics of finance are centripetal. *The Empire, as a unit, is already a finance problem.*

Curiously little is said about this money aspect; yet it is the real clue to the constructive discussion of the Empire as a whole, and the truth must be faced. Production has become a money concern: it is no longer the concern of pure capital. Hence, the phenomena of modern economic conditions seen in the restriction of output. Thus, in tea, cotton, sugar, wheat, rubber, etc. The whole world could be fed and provided for amply were it simply a case of production and absorption. Yet what do we find? We find countries, areas, whole continents starving while their neighbours store mountains of goods which are artificially unsaleable. And the reason? The reason is price. Output is restricted for reasons of policy and price. And price has become independent of supply and demand, just as interest is really the bonus of finance, not of capital interpreted scientifically. For, of course, political economy is not a science. The only science of political economy is finance, which is a game in numbers. Yet it controls, and, because it controls, credit has become the corner-stone of imperial integration.

Ultimately, the unit of Empire must depend upon this factor, or England will decline. There would seem no cause for pessimism. Whether we look upon Free Trade as an ethic or law, and of course it is neither, the true question is its utility, and there the issue before us is relatively simple. It is balance. In plain words, it is this: Can the Empire be made a reciprocating whole? Can it supply us with what we need here? Can it—and this is perhaps the

key-question—in turn do this and find sufficient markets for its own produce, failing which, our home exports will not find customers within the Empire?

The most important question in England to-day is, without all doubt, the land. If we continue to starve the countryside, as a nation we are doomed—physically doomed. The health and strength of France lie in her agriculture, and this is, of course, the reason why Russia is undestroyable. That is root. But we are mainly industrialist. Cheap food is indispensable. Hence the danger of food taxes, which cannot benefit home agriculture unless Protectionist against all. That was Rome's way, and it destroyed her. If the control is centripetal, and it is, Free Trade in food must be the basis of construction.

The question of raw materials—cotton, sugar, tobacco, even wheat—should present no great difficulties. Certainly, we could grow all that we require in time within the Empire, and unless we do we shall find ourselves more and more drawn into the orbit of America, who to-day controls the world's credit system.

An Empire which is not a unit, based upon a centre which has lost in Europe 40 per cent. of its selling power, cannot hope to compete against the vast single unit of the New World, energised from an immense Free Trade oneness. Yet such is our position as we face the new order. Our Empire has not been developed as a unit. It is not a business proposition. Even as the "ripe fruits" grow, they insidiously threaten us, for they, too, are not severally self-contained, and India, which is the kernel of the Empire structure, is suffering, as we are, from the loss of European markets, and fancies Protection.

The problem comes down to hard facts on trade. It resolves itself into the apparent paradox of how Britain with Free Trade can exist as against an Empire which is Protectionist, even against the home country. The answer surely lies in Empire Free Trade. It was German Free Trade which gave pre-war Germany her world power. It is internal Free Trade which gives America her great credit power. An Empire that protects itself against itself cannot compete with the New World forces in the face of the impoverishment and artificial barriers of the Old World forces, which must in existing conditions continue to im-

poverish her, thus clogging our market as sellers and the market of the Empire as customers of ours, while all the time we are bound to the money control of a State which is richer and greater than ours and is, for world-trading purposes, a whole.

Empire Free Trade is surely an ideal containing sentiment good enough for anyone, and this should be our aim. If we cannot bring it about, India will gradually go Protectionist and industrialist, even as Australia is doing, though we hear little about the industrialisation of the Colonies, which, as a fact, is an increasing factor in the situation. Nothing can prevent this development, which is only retarded by lack of credit. In India, for example, labour is cheap. India could in time make what India needs, and so, no doubt, so far as regards woollen goods, could the small population of Australia. A "Brummagem" India is a feasible and almost natural development, and unless India can find outside markets Brummagem will become India's hunting cry just as ours in the good old days used to be tigers.

Here we are faced with the complexities, and it is here that grave care is essential, or the house that we seek to build will be built on sand. The problem is *not only imperial*, it is cosmic. We cannot aspire to be a completely shut in, self-contained Empire: our interests are too wide. Even America can no longer do that with her stupendous natural wealth and relatively small population. She, too, needs outside markets to-day, and will need them more and more. Any attempt to consolidate the Empire while omitting the outside world is doomed to failure, because the weak parts in the structure are the two largest units—Britain and India—which are the foundations, and the weaker of these is England. We are over-populated in regard to outside purchasing power. Not really, of course, yet under the existing system of centripetal finance which directs real credit, and the present system of economic strangulation which enforces bad credit, the former in the New, the latter in the Old World, we are caught in between two controlling systems of money invalidating the benefits of Free Trade in Europe and actually constricting the benefits to us of real credit in our relationship with the outer world to whom we are in debt and from whom we

are compelled for our very existence to buy. Our home unemployment is essentially a credit problem due to credit restrictions here and abroad. Our Empire problem, too, is essentially a credit problem, because trade functions on a credit mechanism, and upon it the attachments of Empire will depend and eventually dramatise themselves into real or material issues. There will lie the danger to us of tariffs without reciprocating Empire benefits; and there, unless we do things and can move towards Empire Free Trade, will lurk the weakness which will grow into a malevolent and disrupting process. Trade tariffs here imposed merely to encourage pet industries are bad. Tariffs lead to trusts, and so more and more to money control, as we see in America, and to corrupt politics, though this latter may to many appear to-day to be somewhat of an anachronistic reason. They also lead to inefficient production, as we saw in the inflation boom after the War. Free Trade within the Empire is not Protection in that sense at all. Further, we may be certain that any tariff policy calculated to raise internal prices—and a rise in prices is the concomitant of tariffs—will not lighten our home problem and may politically seriously intensify it, for naturally as we put up barriers other peoples will retaliate, and that is precisely what we cannot afford to risk so long as we buy over 50 per cent. of our food and exist primarily as an exporting Power.

At the same time Tariffs are an argument—at present we have no argument; a good deal of economic sense might be brought about in Europe had we some weapon to back our trade with; and we must not forget that if Europe is really to be thrown to the dogs, and France can establish a working hegemony, a very important section of Europe may thus be organised in opposition, working on an elastic paper system against which we, on gold, will have small chance. Without a question, could France detach the Rhineland and get it working for export services, we should be confronted with a very serious competitor which would compel us to protect our industries; nor is it at all inconceivable that in the very chaos of the German-French *impasse* the germs of a United States of Europe are not being laid out of which may emerge the Napoleonic idea of Europe a unit.

Colonial Ministers are apt to minimise our specific difficulties. They tell us about their mutton and beef, butter and cheese; they do not refer to the scandal of England growing weeds and hedges instead of food and fruit. True, this is largely our own fault. Our refusal to adopt co-operative methods of farming and distribution, our ludicrous high railway rates, our unscientific attitude, account for a great deal of the neglect and decay of the land—which has nothing to do with the Empire at all, or with tariffs. We are hiding our heads in the sand when we confound the tragedy of the land with fiscal or economic questions. The key of our specific land problem is distribution. It is because every farmer is against every other that farming does not pay, and because freights are so high. And here, again, we shall have to choose. If we do not restore the land in England, we shall decay. It is our agriculture that ranks first, not that of the Colonies. To start reform or any closer connective policy based upon the desires of Colonial agriculturists is to place the cart before the horse. Solid, whole work must begin at home, and it must be based upon the restoration of home agriculture. What is certain is that we cannot be the dumping-ground of the Empire which is Protectionist towards us, and on those lines no real headway will be made. The quintessence of the matter is business. If it is good business to have Free Trade within the Empire, we ought to have it. If it is not, then we shall not have it.

So long as we enjoyed a monopoly of Free Trade (monopoly is the point), coupled with stability of credit exchange, we could afford to have no fiscal policy; but that is no longer the case. The world's question to-day is credit, and quite specifically is this the case with our Empire as a unit problem. The notion that we can ignore Europe and suddenly recover that lost market within the Empire is gossip, for we cannot finance on the Empire. As the world stands to-day the inequity of distribution is its crying defect. Australia has only half the population of London and yet shuts out a huge Continent from the world, thus forcing Japan, for example, into territorial imperialism. The Empire problem is a world problem which cannot be solved by a civilisation or geographical unit, any more than reparations is a local or geographical

problem. And precisely as we leave the European battle-ground, so does the outer world assume a wider importance. For not only have we lost a large part of our European trade, we have lost much of our pre-war export trade to South America. We do not hear much about that, but it is so, and the reason is largely exchange-dumping due to Europe's broken credit system.

The truth is that Europe is as important to us and to the Colonies as ever as a market, and when some time back a Colonial Minister said that his country would never again sell to Germany, he was talking sentiment, with what results to his wool industry he and we to-day know only too well. There came a period when we could not sell to Australia because Australia could not sell her wool to Europe. It is curious how business men will indulge in sentiment while being the first to condemn such a weakness in others. Similarly with India. When India becomes industrialist, as she will, she will require all the world's markets she can get—and so shall we, with a vengeance. To treat the question of Empire as a self-sufficing world of itself can only lead to failure and eventually to disruption, for if America needs the outside world, far more does the Empire need it, and would even if it enjoyed complete Free Trade, which is not the case. Practically, the only solution lies in Imperial Free Trade, which would at least give us a buffeting basis against European hegemony or chaos.

The Empire is still largely untapped, almost ridiculously unpopulated, and could supply us with nearly all our home wants. There can be no valid reason against making this huge reservoir a *zollverein*. But the problem is twofold. The loss of European purchasing power affects our Colonies, too. The problem is not the favourite snag, production; it is absorption; and here both the Colonies and Britain need the world. We cannot just dump two million Britons into the Colonies; and the very men that the Colonies want are the type that we can least afford. We have this fact to face. Our exports in 1921 were £703,000,000. Now we have to find for pensions, interest on debts, and sinking fund, etc., almost £500,000,000 a year. Faced with that proposition, we cannot afford to neglect any market and we dare not run the

risk of higher home prices consequent on Protection. Of that 1921 exports total of £703,000,000 the Colonies took £298,574,590, the outside world £404,425,410. Thus the stronger the food production of the Empire the worse will grow the position of home agriculture, which is the key reason of Protection and of Britain's true prosperity. It is we who are in straits, not the Colonies, who naturally want to increase our purchasing power. But this is not the problem, which is our selling power; and here the Colonies for many years cannot fill the gap even in the most favourable conditions.

The real difficulty in all this is the Colonies, who are young, ardent, and imbued with the spirit of self-assertion, whereas our case is self-preservation; and the Colonies are rabid Protectionists. Colonials fail to see the European side. None the less, Empire Free Trade will remain the true issue. Preference policies will be fraught with grave dangers. For this is certain: Europe will remain a prime necessity to us, and unemployment will depend upon the European credit or money position.

Mr. Baldwin has cast the die; a scorching election is now inevitable. He has chosen a diversion rather than a solution. England's problem, failing real Empire Free Trade, will remain, as the broken European credit system moves against us and the centripetal " pull " of real credit sucks us into the controlling orbit. The ludicrous position of England forced to come to a political arrangement with France to prevent the accumulations of the Ruhr from being dumped on our shores illustrates the weakness of our economic position. Here we have in fantastic form a proof of what is wrong with post-war Europe; it is a money question, and until it is tackled things can hardly materially improve, except at the cost of higher home prices and continued State support of idle labour.

A real intensive Empire Free Trade policy probably would succeed, if only by giving the Empire greater monetary independence of the control and greater economic weight as against the artificial disbalance of a politically bankrupt Europe.

The League and M. Lauzanne

By H. Wilson Harris

In his interesting article on the League of Nations in the November issue of The English Review, M. Stéphane Lauzanne, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scene, describes how at a certain sitting of the League Council on the Italian-Greek dispute "a shudder passed through the galleries," and sundry other equally impressive phenomena were observed. Though I, like M. Lauzanne, was present on the occasion of which he writes, I must confess at once that what happened in the galleries escaped my notice altogether, a lack of perception I can only ascribe to the fact that neither the room in which the Council met on the day in question, nor any other in which it discussed the Greco-Italian affair, possesses any galleries at all. That is a trifle in itself, but it serves at least to suggest that M. Lauzanne is a somewhat fallible authority in matters pertaining to the League of Nations. And so a further examination of his article abundantly proves.

As to his general question, whether the League is a World Club or a World Court, not much need be said. As a matter of fact, it is neither. It is not a Court, but it has for that very reason created a Court, the Permanent Court of International Justice, which, though M. Lauzanne makes no single mention of it in his article (except to include its cost in a statement of what he considers the excessive expenditure of the League), has in less than two years of existence given judgments in cases (among others) between Great Britain and France, between the Allies and Germany, between Germany and Poland, and in two matters of treaty interpretation submitted at the request of M. Lauzanne's own Government. As to the League being merely a club, where members get to know one another and go away happy (I think I summarise M.

Lauzanne not unfairly), a mere club does not settle differences, as the League of Nations constantly has, between angry disputants; or administer territory, as the League does in the Saar and Danzig; or fight plague and relieve distress; or rescue a country like Austria from bankruptcy and disintegration and set its feet on the high-road to prosperity. The League, as its French name indicates better than its English, is what it professes to be, a Society of Nations co-operating by treaty for certain limited purposes, and so far achieving those purposes with a measure of success which, given the conditions prevailing in the world to-day, no level-headed critic will find disappointing.

But these, after all, are of the nature of generalities. M. Lauzanne, wisely from one point of view, though with doubtful wisdom so far as his credit as a recorder of fact is concerned, discusses a number of specific questions handled ably or ineptly by the League. "In four cases," he says, "the League has been called upon to act on serious divergences between members." Why mention only four? There have been at least six falling into this category, and it is a little unfortunate that the two M. Lauzanne omits—the dispute between Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands in 1920 and that between Jugo-Slavia and Albania at the end of 1921—happen to be the two in which beyond all others the League's success as mediator has been most complete and most universally acknowledged.

But let that be. What are the cases M. Lauzanne selects as basis for his adverse verdict on the League? The first is the complaint of Bolivia against Chile in 1921, a complaint, as M. Lauzanne accurately states, based on a treaty imposed on the former country by the latter after a war that ended in 1883—some thirty odd years before the League was ever thought of. In spite of the lapse of time, Bolivia called on the Assembly of the League in 1921 to bring her relief, a course which M. Lauzanne apparently thinks should have been taken, since he quotes textually Article XIX. of the Covenant, which provides that "The League may from time to time invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable." The permissive nature of that

clause needs no demonstration. If it is open to the League to advise revision of a treaty, it is equally open to it to decline to give such advice. It so declined in the case in question—very wisely, as everyone except Bolivia and M. Lauzanne has always recognised. But when M. Lauzanne proceeds to add that " the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been careful about formulating an opinion, and for the past two years Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply," he leaves facts far behind. One aspect of the question was, indeed, referred to a Commission, but that Commission reported within three weeks, and the whole question was cleared up before the Assembly rose.

We come next to Upper Silesia. Here, indeed, M. Lauzanne is constrained to admit the League's success in defining the frontier between Germany and Poland in that disputed province, after the Supreme Council had laboured at the task in vain; but he endeavours to explain away this untoward evidence of apparent efficiency by the comment that any other arbiter, such as the Pope of Rome or the Supreme Court of America, could have settled it just as easily. Here M. Lauzanne understates his own case. If, as he seems to suggest, it was merely a matter of drawing a line down the map, there was no need to go either to Rome or to Washington. A convenient imbecile from the nearest asylum could have done what was necessary. The achievement of the League was that, in addition to drawing the frontier as nearly as possible in accordance with the provisions of the Treaty, it framed an elaborate political and economic statute to safeguard the industrial unity of the area, thus (to quote from a recent book by the then *Times* correspondent in Upper Silesia *) " erecting the demarcation line into a line of union rather than of division."

Oddly enough, when M. Lauzanne suggests (unjustifiably) that the Conference of Ambassadors settled the Vilna question after the League had failed, he observes that " all the merit for this goes to the Conference of Ambassadors." When the League settled the Upper Silesia question after the Supreme Council had failed his comment is that, after all, anyone could have done it.

* *Five Years of European Chaos*, by Maxwell H. H. Macartney.

But what about the Vilna problem, in regard to which M. Lauzanne finds the attitude of the League ridiculous? The trouble arose through the omission of the Peace Conference, and its successors the Supreme Council and the Conference of Ambassadors, to fix Poland's eastern frontiers, a circumstance which left it open to both that country and Lithuania to lay claim to Vilna. The two countries were actually fighting when Poland decided to appeal to the League. From that moment the fighting stopped. The League did not succeed in settling the dispute, but M. Lauzanne completely misconceives the situation when he says that M. Paul Hymans, acting for the League, "rendered three successive judgments, none of which have been executed." M. Hymans rendered no judgments, for the good reason that, as has been said already, the League is not a Court. What the Editor of *Le Matin* mistakes for judgments were infinitely patient attempts to secure an agreement by consent. The final plan had the unanimous support of the Council of the League (including, of course, the French member), and if either of the disputants had accepted it pressure could have been brought to bear on the other to acquiesce. As it pleased neither of them, the matter had to be left, for the League is not, as M. Lauzanne in his closing paragraph misdescribes it, a super-State, imposing its will at random outside the limits of the Covenant.

Finally, we come to the Italo-Greek affair, which has been argued to and fro far too recently to make it legitimate to traverse that well-worn ground again. But when M. Lauzanne says of the League's action in this case that "it failed to conciliate the pleaders and was forced to place them in the hands of the Ambassadors in Paris," he once more reveals a surprising ignorance of the facts. What hampered the League almost fatally in dealing with this dispute was that the matter was being handled, and properly handled, by the Ambassadors before it ever came to Geneva at all. As things were, the League mobilised the public opinion of Europe to a remarkable degree and itself formulated a thoroughly sound scheme of settlement which the Ambassadors in the first instance adopted practically as it stood. That those eminent persons subsequently changed their minds and imposed on Greece a

penalty against which the conscience of this country at least has revolted was, fortunately, a matter regarding which the League had no concern and bore no shred of responsibility.

One last citation from M. Lauzanne. He refers to the Greco-Turkish conflict in 1921-22. "What," he asks, "did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And when one goes through the records of the discussions of the World's Assembly one sees with stupefaction that the only sensational initiative that the League of Nations thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!" That may be fine writing. But what are the dull, prosaic facts? Not once, indeed, but many times oftener than once in September, 1922, did debates arise (I was present myself) in the Assembly and its Political Commission on the Near Eastern situation, and a resolution was unanimously carried calling on the League Council to take its own steps to effect a settlement if the negotiations then impending between the Allies and Turkey were not successful (as they ultimately were). What, beyond that, did the League do? It then and there raised a fund, subscribed by Governments members of the League (France, M. Lauzanne will be distressed to learn, did not contribute) for the relief of the refugees pouring westward into Europe by the hundred thousand, and sent Dr. Nansen out to administer the money so provided. The ultimate fruit of that action is the comprehensive Refugee Settlement scheme approved by the League Council as lately as the end of last September.

Comment on M. Lauzanne's observations might be carried much further. But this, perhaps, will suffice. No one who cares for the League will desire to see instructed criticism of it restricted. Such criticism is the most salutary of tonics. But since all the facts are readily available in published documents, it is perhaps permissible to suggest that before a journalist of M. Lauzanne's distinction commits himself to sweeping judgment on the League of Nations, or any other institution, he should verify at least a reasonable proportion of his references.

The Libertine

(An Episode of Old Rome)

By K. Balbernie

The burning heat of the day was passing swiftly into a dusk, yet throbbing like violet flame.

Flavius Vespasianus, the patrician, walked leisurely between the marble columns of his house, to where a pool of water glimmered cool from the inner court. For a little while he stood looking down at his reflection in the water, smiling with half-mocking approval at his own body, robed in dark red, and regal, from the head glittering with gold-dust, to the lovely sandalled feet. But the face in the water was pale, with the mortal pallor of all desires exhausted; and even its smile seemed but the writhing of thin lips that had tasted bitterness in too many sweetnesses of the earth.

Suddenly another reflection, a woman's, crossed his own; and the face of Flavius Vespasianus became cruel.

"You have come to plead with me again," said he. "Have you no pride?"

But the woman stood still, so that Flavius lifted his head to regard her curiously.

She was beautiful, in a stricken way, though now her eyes stared, and her nostrils seemed shrunken under some passion of hate or despair. Only the rise and fall of her breast betrayed how fiercely yet she lived.

Flavius continued to watch her, coldly. For once this woman had been dear to him, and the sight of her brought back memories. But the memories were already dim; and it irked him that she should still extract emotion from what had ceased to interest him.

"I thought you were gone," he told her. "You should be gone by now. Did not my slaves give you my order to depart at the day's end?"

At this she laughed. "Yes, my lord; and very soon now I shall be going. But I waited to see you this last time."

"And why so?" he asked, frowning. "I told you yesterday I wished to hear no more of what you could say. I never wish to hear your voice again."

"Yet once, my lord, you said you found it sweet."

"I had thought you were wiser," he answered, smiling evilly. "What is one woman to me, when I have done with her? A rose gathered, out of roses innumerable. You were beautiful, Clodia, and I desired you. Did I not caress you? But now I desire you no more. What is to be done but throw you aside? For the garden is so full of roses, Clodia! You were not the first, and why should you be the last? You were honey and wine when you sated my thirst. But now I lust after strange wine, strange roses. Be reasonable, then, for it is useless to weep."

"But, my lord, I do not weep," she said.

And Flavius, looking with sudden intentness upon her eyes, saw that they were very brilliant, but in truth not with tears.

"Yesterday I wept," she reminded him, with that strange glance of hers which never left his face. "But to-day I neither weep nor plead any more. We will laugh together, Flavius, that it may not be said I humbled myself in parting."

"Go," he said. "This wearies me."

Clodia laughed aloud. "You are discourteous, too! How ugly an end to all the sweetness which was so long between us. But where is it that I am to go, my lord? To Veii?"

"Did not the slaves tell you?" said he, idly shifting the ring on his right hand.

"To Veii, then. A journey we have often been together. Do you remember the little hill-road with the apple-trees, and what you whispered to me once, under the boughs hung with the rosy fruit?"

There was a brief silence; and then out of it Flavius Vespasianus spoke levelly: "It is useless; you will do better to forget." He made a gesture of dismissal with the jewelled hand, and the woman swayed a little.

"The ring——" she said, momentarily weak. "It is like a drop of blood on your finger. And all your robes are red like blood, O Flavius!"

For an instant his contempt sharpened to something crueller still. But even as he would have spoken two slaves, bearing wine and fruit, came silently from behind the pillars and stood before their master humbly, as was their wont.

Flavius poured wine into a golden cup, then dismissed his slaves to make ready a travelling-litter. "This should have been done long since," he told them, "and later the negligent shall be scourged."

The slaves fled away like grey shadows.

Then Flavius raised the wine-cup to his lips.

"Drink to me," said Clodia, her weakness put by.

"To our parting!" he laughed, and drained the cup.

Then Clodia said: "On the road to Veii there are men waiting in ambush, O Flavius, with your order to slay me as I pass that way in the dark to-night."

"So you knew," he answered.

"Yes; I knew. There was a poor slave of yours who loved me, Flavius . . . You laugh still? . . . But he warned me of the death you had made ready for me. Death, too; when already I could not have troubled you again?"

"No man shall use what was made for me, even when I have done with it."

"Should I have had no word?"

"You?" He seemed to gather up and fling at her all his disdain. "What were you? A light woman. One who would accept pity from my slave!"

"The only creature I had to serve me, my lord, but he has served me well."

Flavius put a hand to his head as though he struggled to maintain the old high bearing. "He dies for it, the fool!"

"Not so, my lord."

Then Flavius Vespasianus, a great blackness coming over him, began to understand, and cried furiously: "This is vile death!"

"Yea, death," said the woman. "There was poison in the wine." She helped him even as he fell, supporting him

from the ground. And at the weight of his body against her, her own soft flesh made itself rigid as stone.

The mouth of Flavius Vespasianus seemed neither less nor more cruel than in the lust of his life, and in these ultimate moments he mocked: "You are safe now. You . . . and your paramour!"

"I am going alone this night," she answered, "to Veii."

Incredulously he whispered: "To Veii? But the ambush. Clodia, why so?"

"O Flavius," she said, "I loved you."

"The Death of Yesterday's Books"

I AM afraid that, unwittingly, in my article in last month's issue I offended my neighbour Mr. W. A. Foyle by my description of his book-shop. But I expect, and hope, that it will have sent many new customers to him. A man with a million second-hand books at his disposal has obviously got a remarkable choice and range for the prospective book-buyer. And Foyle's is certainly one of the most striking second-hand book-shops in London. It adorns a great corner of Soho.

He tells me, however, he objects to the expression, "wilderness of unsalable books." I understand that while he buys ten thousand volumes a week, he sends a hundred sacks of books "to waste" each week also. He is constantly throwing out the unsalable. It will readily be understood that I had no intention of saying that his books were not as salable as those of any other dealer. The subject of my theme being "dead books," I was naturally not at pains to talk about live ones.

As regards the disorder of books on his corner—Manette Street and Charing Cross Road—I can only say it is *his* corner. It is commonly one great book appeal. The numbers and the promiscuity of the books have taken my eye during all the years I have lived in the neighbourhood, and I am only sorry if anyone has construed my picturesque remarks as a reflection on the firm.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

The World of To-morrow

By Lady Emily Lutyens

It has become almost a platitude to-day to say that the world is at a great crisis in its history. What is not so generally recognised are the causes which have brought about this crisis, and the solution which can alone build a new cosmos out of the present chaos and bring peace and contentment to the suffering sons of men. To understand aright the present world conditions, it is necessary to study the conditions of past civilisations and to see how they have led us to the present time. And in making this study of the past we must not dissociate ourselves from the men and women who moulded those ancient systems. If we are believers in the theory of reincarnation, we know that in very truth we had as much a part to play in building up the civilisations of the past as we have at the present day. In studying history we are studying ourselves, studying the conditions which go to make us what we are to-day. All those mighty races of the past embodied some particular quality, and when the lesson they were born to teach had been built into the human consciousness, the work of that race was over and it yielded its place to another, expressing another aspect of truth Thus the civilisation of ancient India represented the ideal of duty, Egypt stood for science, Persia for purity, Greece for beauty, Rome for law. The civilisation which is crumbling before our eyes stands for individualism, with all that it implies of both good and bad. In the life of the individual there comes a time when the growing boy and girl become intensely individualistic, conscious of themselves as apart from all others, a stage which often manifests itself in extreme selfishness and aggressiveness, but, nevertheless, an absolutely necessary stage for the development of strength. In the same way the collective consciousness of humanity has had to pass through a stage of individualism, with its attendant evils, in order to

acquire the necessary strength, to be devoted at a later stage of evolution to service and self-sacrifice.

The keynote of the civilisation which we see dissolving to dust has been individualism, competition, strife. The keynote of the civilisation which is dawning will be Brotherhood and Co-operation, and to the building of that Brotherhood will go all the strength acquired from strife and competition. The spirit of this Brotherhood and this Co-operation has not yet built for itself fresh forms for its expression, and therefore the result everywhere is unrest, unhappiness and discontent. Those who belong to the world of yesterday are for ever looking backward with regret to those forms from which the life has departed. Those who belong to the world of to-morrow look forward with hope, but also with restlessness and impatience, seeing nowhere as yet forms fitted to express that new life which burns within them. All are apt to forget that the responsibility for the right building of the future rests upon the men and women of to-day.

If this is a spiritual universe, then only upon a spiritual foundation can a civilisation which is to endure be successfully built, and therefore many in the world to-day are looking for the manifestation of a Supreme Teacher, who will apply the eternal principles to modern problems, and enunciate yet again, with the authority of knowledge, the ancient Truths of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. In every religion and in every race to-day this expectation is growing, and its significance cannot be ignored. Men and women in all faiths are turning away from the orthodox presentation of religion, because they feel that it is not able to offer a solution of the problems of our complicated modern world, and yet there never was a time perhaps when humanity so much needed the consolation of religion, and when there was so much eager searching after truth.

The religion of To-morrow (if we may judge by the attitude of the young people of to-day) will be a religion which takes less account of the aspect of God as Father, and lays more emphasis on the aspect of God as Brotherman. Heaven and hell on the other side of death have little attraction for, and inspire little fear in those who believe that man has the issues of happiness or misery in

his own hands, and that he can lay the foundation of that heaven or that hell on this present earth. All movements which tend to unite have in them something of the spirit of the future; all movements which tend to divide belong to the past and will be swept away with the world of Yesterday. Owing to modern inventions the world is rapidly becoming one, and an action taken in one part of the globe is very rapidly felt in its most distant quarter. The lesson of Brotherhood is being taught to the world to-day by misery and suffering, and the application of Brotherhood can alone relieve the pain. It has been said that man's need is God's opportunity, and because the need of the world is greater to-day than ever before, the greater will be the answer to that need. The call has gone forth to every man and woman of goodwill to unite in the spirit of brotherhood towards the rebuilding of our shattered world; to break down the barriers of class and race and nation, and to unite in laying the foundations of a world built upon co-operation, service, and mutual aid. The Christ said to His disciples—"When the Son of Man cometh will He find faith upon earth?"—faith that is in His great principle of Love. The spiritual truths are always simple, and yet if they could be literally applied to any given problem they would be far more wide-reaching in their effects than the complicated solutions offered by materialists. "Love one another" may sound like a Sunday school text, but in reality it is the most comprehensive principle that has ever been devised. Indeed, men are afraid to begin to apply it to world problems, because it would lead them so much further than they are prepared to go. The problems of the world are not insoluble, given the necessary faith and courage. Let the dead world bury its dead, and let all those who are imbued with the spirit of To-morrow unite together to build the new world in the spirit of confidence and radiant hope. To that building will come One who is the embodiment of Love and Wisdom, Who will act as a focus for all those forces which are already moving in the world towards its re-creation. To the young of the world especially has the call gone forth, and the world of To-morrow will be a world of those who love, united in the service of those who suffer.

The Labour Party and the Future

By Reginald Wilson

General Secretary, British Empire Union

BEFORE the last General Election the popular question used to be: Can Labour govern? Since that Election the question has been apt to take a different form: When will Labour govern and how? This change alone marks the immense advance made by the Labour Party, who would be more correctly called the Socialist Party, but who still cling —for obvious reasons—to their earlier and more popular name. The progress made by the Labour Party can be best gathered by the fact that the Labour membership in the House of Commons numbered in:

1905	...	...	6
1906	...	...	41
1923	...	...	144

The result of the coming General Election cannot, of course, be predicted, but to gain an absolute majority the Labour Party requires to win 164 seats, an achievement involving a less turnover of votes than might at first sight appear to be necessary.

The influences which favour the Labour Party are numerous and powerful. At every General Election there is a certain force at work called the "swing of the pendulum." No Government can be in office even one year without disappointing a certain number of electors and aggrieving some interests. Consequently, a considerable number of people are always ready to "give the other side a turn." The fact that the Labour Party is now the official Opposition begets the feeling that sooner or later a Labour majority must come in and take office; and that very fatalism tends to bring about the result. Some people incline to think that as a Labour Government is inevitable some time, it would be better to have the experience soon and get it over as the only

way of convincing a deluded electorate that Labour's programme would in practice prove disastrous. Another section fancies that it is only fair to give the Labour Party a trial, as both Conservatives and Liberals have had their turn and have not produced a very satisfactory world, or one really fit for heroes to live in.

All these influences—which make up what may be called the drift in political affairs—tend in favour of the Labour Party. Other points, however, deserve consideration.

It may be urged that the Labour Party is a definitely Socialist Party, and that such a revolutionary change in the social and industrial system as the adoption of Socialism, even if it could be brought about by constitutional, not revolutionary, methods, would be unlikely to find favour with the British people, who have generally been considered rather slow-moving and Conservative in their views. To understand the position, it is necessary to appreciate the truth that while England, Scotland and Wales are closely linked together and the Union of these three countries has never been marked by the unhappy struggles which have ended in the repeal of the legislative union with Ireland, yet the difference in the national character of the English, Scots, and Welsh remains.

The English are, as always, the great Conservative element alike in the United Kingdom and in the British Empire. The word "Conservative" is used, of course, not in a party political sense, but to represent that bent of mind and character which, while advancing, never loses its hold on the past, which builds its foundations deep and strong, and which has given us our great national tradition of freedom, "broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent." The strength of the majority supporting the present Government comes from England. After the last General Election England, with 492 members, returned over 300 Conservatives; Wales, with 36 members, returned 18 Labour members; and Scotland, with 74 members, returned 29 Labour members and one Communist.

The very different attitude of the Scotch and Welsh electorates is due to a variety of causes. So far as the Scots are concerned, they are a far more logical people than the English, and therefore more apt to go to extremes

than the latter, who have a strong faith in compromise. The logical way in which Socialist theories can be worked out on paper attracts them in a manner that has no effect upon the English. Then, both in Wales and Scotland, the Celtic influence is a disturbing factor and to some extent a revolutionary one. In Clydeside, and generally in the industrial areas of Scotland, this influence is provided by the large Irish population which has established itself there, and can be counted on to vote for the most extreme of any party or any candidates.

These national differences account to a considerable extent for the strength of the Labour Socialists in Scotland and Wales; while they have also resulted in rendering the educational propaganda of the Socialists both more thorough and more successful in these countries. The immense importance of propaganda has not yet been fully grasped by the older political parties, and there is no doubt that they are to some extent still at a disadvantage.

Propaganda, which is really a developed form of advertisement, applied to the spreading of particular views, is a product of the war. The belligerent nations all started propaganda in various forms among the neutrals, setting forth their own case and the iniquities of the other side. It was not a business to which England took very kindly. No system of propaganda devised by the combatant Powers touched in effectiveness that which largely brought about the Russian Revolution. This extraordinary propaganda is still being maintained in practically every country of the world. All Labour-Socialist movements, whether they admit any connection with Moscow or deny it, have inevitably been affected by it. Socialism in Europe is based on the theories of Karl Marx; and Sovietism in Russia is an attempt to put those theories into practice. Marxian propaganda has been carried on in Great Britain for more than a generation, partly by such bodies as the Social Democratic Federation, and partly and more insidiously by the Fabian Society and the Independent Labour Party. The Fabian Society has, undoubtedly, had a very widespread influence among the professional classes, the Civil Service, the teachers, secondary and elementary; while the I.L.P. has been the instrument which has finally—so far at least as paper resolutions are con-

cerned—brought the whole Labour Party to the acceptance of the Socialist theory which stands for the supersession of capitalism and private enterprise.

It is to the effect of such propaganda, joined to the existence of admitted and unremoved grievances, that the Labour Party is looking for its success in the General Election. Socialist methods include not only speeches by Socialist members and agitators, discussions, a Socialist Press and literature, but also Socialist-Labour colleges, classes, and even Sunday schools for children. At the colleges and classes promising young men are educated at the expense of the trade unions in the pure gospel of Marx and go forth, as agitators or trade union officials, to spread the good tidings in the industrial districts. Hitherto the Labour Party has had very little success in the rural districts, particularly in England. The Labour Party is essentially an urban party; agricultural interests are constantly sacrificed to those of the towns; further, most of the Labour members, being townsmen themselves, betray such gross ignorance of the needs of the country that farmers and labourers find no attraction in their programme. But special efforts are being made to reach the rural population, and no doubt some success will be obtained.

The depression of business naturally confers on the Labour Party a considerable pull. The great bulk of the electors, especially in England, care nothing about the Marxian theories; but they would not be human if they were not attracted by Labour's abundant promises. Promises of work or maintenance for all the unemployed; abundance of houses and low rents; the abolition of all taxes on food; better conditions in the shape of wages and hours for all workers: not to speak of such extras as free education up to the Universities; pensions at sixty, pensions for mothers, etc., etc. Where the money is to come from always remains something of a mystery; but the magic of a "capital levy" is held to be adequate to meet every demand.

Accepting, for the sake of hypothesis, the view that the Labour Party will attain a majority at the next Election, the Party should have no great difficulty in forming a Government. It includes many men of recog-

nised ability, though without much administrative experience; in addition, it would probably attract some more experienced politicians whose flirtations with Labour have been watched by the nation with much amusement.

Many people who dislike the idea of a Labour Government still console themselves with the belief that it would be very soon overthrown. In this they are rather sanguine. A Labour Government might remain in office only a short time, but quite long enough to do irreparable harm. It must be remembered that all Governments, even when provided with only a small working majority, gather great additional power the moment they take office. In the first place, the patronage is immense. The conjunction of the war with the peculiar personality of Mr. Lloyd George led to an immense development of patronage and personal government, and, though this has since been somewhat curtailed, any Labour Government would find plenty of power in its hand to strengthen its position and to satisfy friends and pacify enemies.

The permanent Civil Service, though it will probably exercise a moderating influence on any specially extravagant proposals on the part of a Labour Government, will naturally support it, not only as in duty bound, but also in many cases with real enthusiasm. The permeation of the Civil Service with Socialist ideas has been carried through very successfully by the Fabian Society; but apart from that, every bureaucracy, even the best—and the British Civil Service take the highest place possible for integrity, loyalty, and ability—loves to expand and to grasp more and more power; and every Socialist scheme, no matter what, means the expansion and glorification of the bureaucracy and an intensified regulation of the nation in accordance with official ideas and standards.

The first question that will test the quality of a Labour Government is finance. Labour has for long been aware that it would not have much chance of a majority unless it could bring to its side the "black-coated workers," sometimes called the lower middle-class. These are all workers, and hard workers, but they have stronger links with the professional and business classes than with the manual labourers and artisans. Labour finance in earlier days had a beautiful simplicity. "Put it all on the income tax"

was its plan. This plan hit the black-coated workers hard, who are often worse paid than the artisan class. Consequently the Labour financier now offers large concessions to the smaller income tax payer, and promises instead a heavy increase of super-tax as well as the capital levy.

The whole Labour Party is pledged to the lunacy of a capital levy. It is difficult to measure the financial and industrial disturbance that would result from this insane project of raising £3,000 millions in one fell swoop. The fear of such a scheme would be quite sufficient to give a terrible shock to credit. In this connection it is worth pointing out that, since the idea of a General Election was mooted, so great has been the alarm at a possible Labour success and a consequent capital levy, that in the week ending November 10th, the six principal British Government stocks showed a total depreciation of nearly 52 million pounds. It is doubtful if even a Labour Government could force it through, or could overcome the vigorous opposition of bankers, business houses, and all the financial and industrial organisations in the country. The Labour Government would then be compelled to fall back on immensely increasing the super-tax, the income tax and the death duties, with prompt and disastrous effects on the trade and industry of the country, which is already suffering seriously from heavy taxation.

The Labour Government would have already pledged itself to find work for all the unemployed, whose numbers would be daily increasing. It has bound itself to start immense public works, extensive housing schemes and so forth, and would require for this purpose to raise large loans. But its own activities would have rendered capital so suspicious that the cost of raising the loans would be greatly increased, even if they could be raised at all. Financially it would find itself in a vicious circle. The more it spent, the more it would find itself obliged to spend; and yet the harder it would be to raise the money, whether by taxes or by loans.

If, financially, a Labour Government would go near bringing the country to insolvency, it might also do a good deal to break up the British Empire. Some members of the Labour Party are frankly in favour of the destruction of the Empire; and there are undoubtedly certain sinister

alien influences at work behind the party which are deliberately directed to this end. More danger is, perhaps, to be feared from the general theoretical policy of the party which, without regard to such facts as education, political training or capacity, would give democratic self-government to all parts of the Empire and force a legal equality between widely differing races.

The Labour Party includes, especially among the trade union representatives, many men whose patriotism is above suspicion. The most prominent of its leaders, however, are of that class who not only always find their own country in the wrong, but seem to have a peculiar warp in their minds which leads them always to prefer the enemies of their country to her friends, and always to desire to sacrifice her interests and her safety rather than to protect them.

The responsibilities of office will probably effect some changes in this point of view, except in those in whom a virulent hate of England appears to be the predominant motive; but it is difficult for those who love England and the British Empire to regard the prospect of a Labour Government with any equanimity. Before the war the experiment would have had fewer perils. Since the war the nation has had such a hard struggle that the smallest additional handicap might pull it down. In addition to the credit of the country being damaged, one of the most serious results would be the commitments which would be made not only for the life of the Labour Government but for generations to come. As Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, lately remarked: "If in the next few years our country were to take any step economically which tended to damage the credit and the industry of the country, we might do it such irreparable injury that the work of a generation could not restore it."

Pillory

"Labour" Hypocrisy.

On November 15th, 1923, the world witnessed a climax of audacity such as cannot often have been paralleled. For on that day, in the British House of Commons, the leader of that Labour Party which has wrecked British industry, torn work from workers, and brought want, demoralisation and despair upon almost countless homes, rose in his place to denounce "the neglect of His Majesty's Government to deal with the pressing needs of the unemployed." If we could conceive the chief of a society of incendiaries, actively engaged in setting fire to houses, daring publicly to reproach the authorities for leaving the people who had occupied them without roofs to cover their heads, then we might perhaps get something equivalent to the action of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, when on the date named he moved that vote of censure.

To any mind capable of reason and unblinded by prejudice the guilt and the responsibility of the Labour Party in regard to the unemployment, and therefore to the dire suffering, of masses of our population, are beyond refutation. For the Labour Party is the child of the trade unions. It represents them; it speaks for them. And what malign force other than that of those unions has cut down the amount of production per head in this country to less than half that of the United States? Take from the British workman the withering curse which the Labour Party, under the impulse of Socialism, has laid upon him; let him be free, like the working man of the States, to produce to the measure of his natural strength; pay him by results, and leave the policy of "ca' canny" to the knaves or fools who invented it—and then at once, in a sequence of results as natural as they are inevitable, production will be increased, prices will be lowered, markets will be found, and unemployment will be diminished. Can any sane, reasoning being dispute these palpable

certainties, and, if so, on what ground? On the ground of wage reduction? Wages in the States, where payment by results obtains, are from double to treble what they are here. Unless we increase production, wages must continue to fall, and unemployment to grow in extent, as our exports, by reason of their cost, fail to find customers abroad, and the firms that make them, by reason of that failure, close their doors or discharge half their hands. Moreover, in the proportion in which production is increased, the purchasing power of wages is increased also, so that even though the nominal wages were to remain the same, their real value would grow with the growth of the amount produced.

Must we for ever allow those assassins of human liberty, those robbers of the poor, the Socialist leaders of the Labour Party, to lay their deadly hands on the livelihood of the people and say to them, in the name of that Socialism which now blights the world, "You shall not do a fair day's work for a fair day's wage; merit shall be unrequited; energy and ability shall go without their natural reward. We will hold you down to one dead level of blank uniformity, and for all the countless evils which will thus be brought upon you, we propose to you this one remedy only: to live on the capital which is vital to industry until it is gone—and then starve."

Arrayed in its native idiocy, these words convey the whole policy of the Labour Party to-day, excepting only the final folly of nationalisation—a short expression for putting every business in the country into bankruptcy through the control of incompetent Government officials.

Has there ever been anything in modern time more grotesque than the manner in which this fantastic foolery has been disguised as a message of deliverance and hope? Of that ghastly sham, of that mischievous fraud, Socialism, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in this country the political head. Therefore, when he presumes to denounce a Conservative Government for neglect of the very evil of which his own party has been the main impelling cause, rightly and fittingly do we place him in the forefront of those whose words are as wind and who have done disservice to the State.

Upon Being Modern

By Horace Shipp

The Little Minister, by J. M. Barrie. (Queen's.)
**The Second Round*, by Halcott Glover. (Everyman.)
The Lie, by Henry Arthur Jones. (New.)

EVEN without the challenging sub-title, "A Modern Play," upon the Everyman Theatre programme, one would know that Halcott Glover's play was a product of the post-war mind as surely as one would know that *The Little Minister* belonged to the period of our complacency which ended at midnight, August 4th, 1914. It is difficult at first sight to define the difference. Certainly it is not any universal change of attitude, for most of our writers continue to supply the stage with the outpourings of that remote past; neither does it lie in stage technique, for this new play of Glover's has the three acts and the realistic setting beloved by the old "repertory" drama. Wherein then? I think the difference must lie in the unit of human society with which the modern dramatists are preoccupied, as distinct from that which held the attention of the older writers. Wells prophesied it in the passage of his *In the Days of the Comet*: the triangle of lovers torn with personal jealousy and concerns astray on the beach at night seeking passion and revenge, the earth enveloped in the comet element which changed human outlook, and the amazement of those lovers that they could ever have seen life in such foolish perspective. Potentially it is like that with this question of modernism in drama and literature. Potentially, because Nature, with eternity before her, need not hustle with comets, but can afford to await the slow moving of man's intelligence. She works, too, with polarity; the pioneers of the far future, the laggards of the dead past, alike pulling at and steadying her everlasting present. All the extremists may be wasted and disappointed as

* Published by Routledge & Sons, 2s. 6d.

individuals, but in the wideness of that movement to complete consciousness and understanding they take their place.

The challenge to human effort and the institutions of Western civilisation which the war afforded has projected a few thinkers to consider these things in the widest possible terms; and this mentality of the pioneers is reflected in the theatre by plays which have abandoned the personal for the universal. A few playwrights no longer are preoccupied with stolen necklaces, erring wives or illegitimate babies; they have moved out into the wide spaces where the human race is the protagonist, where the powers of light and darkness, survival or extinction, constitute the dramatic conflict. Their method may demand the use of a few individuals through whose problems and actions this far-flung conflict finds expression, but their plays do not rest at this surface drama. It becomes sacramental, symbolic in the greatest sense. The mind does not pause, content with the action unfolded, but is through it involved in wider issues. One may agree or disagree with the conclusions which such thinkers project (if they dare to project any), but that does not affect the fact that the best of these writers are taking the theatre into a new dimension, out of the drawing-room or back kitchen, beyond the family circle, into the spaces where drama was born.

The poetic dramatists have always stood there. Their business is with universals as their creations are timeless and dateless. Our more immediate business is with the writers who have been caused to concern themselves with such things as a result of the mental reaction from the shock of materialism *in extremis*. Capek of Czecho-Slovakia, Toller of Germany, Pirandello of Italy, Shaw, whose creative scepticism anticipated this frame of mind which has in many others been aroused by external events, writers all over the world have set themselves this task of revaluing values.

In this sense one realises that Halcott Glover's play stands to its title of "modern." His theme is basic. His characters may be a small collection of unimportant people gathered in a Deptford public-house; but one of them, convinced that the Life Force itself is evil, tries a fall with it. That conflict with Destiny gives significance and

dignity. Paul Hatteras, whose pessimism and hatred of creation and procreation has become an active mania, finds himself faced with a daughter about to give birth to a child and a wife demanding children of him. He sees in the position Life's challenge to the belief which possesses him, and his acceptance in words (too many words, perhaps) and deed of that challenge gives us a philosophic melodrama.

On the other hand (if one may continue to indulge this essay of contrasts), Barrie yields us a charming play—a romance, full to the brim of sweet untruth, posing no question to Life because it hardly touches life. At this date nobody need re-tell the story of Lady Babbie's love for the young minister of the kirk in Thrums, of her moonlit wooing of him in the woods, her *insouciance*, her escapades, her final winning, nor of all the teasing capriciousness with which Barrie has invested the figure. In the hands of Fay Compton (who would fill the theatre were it only with people who wish to see her with her hair down), of Owen Nares as the Little Minister, of Norman McKinnel as the Chief Elder, and Marie Ault, who gives an excellent piece of character acting as Nanny Webster, the success of the piece is assured. Success *in* the theatre. Life meets us again when we reach the door; we feel a little annoyed with her for the attention because Barrie's sentimentalism, with whom we have spent so charming an evening, is a pleasing companion, who hurries away when she sees who has made rendezvous with us in Shaftesbury Avenue. To pursue the useful Platonic method: had we spent our evening with Realism, Life might have come with us—of her she is not jealous, knowing, maybe, that she is a plain creature who sends us home a little more happy with our familiar companion. Idealism, too, is friendly enough; she sends us back with a new eye to Life's half-forgotten virtues and beauty. But Sentiment has nothing to do with her, and she walks a little aloof from us as we come away from the theatre, her cold shoulder indicating clearly her disapproval of the minx with whom we have been philandering. The "modern" play does not desert her for any of these. It is indeed a heart-to-heart talk with her, an effort at understanding. The parable will suffice, blurred at the edges as is the

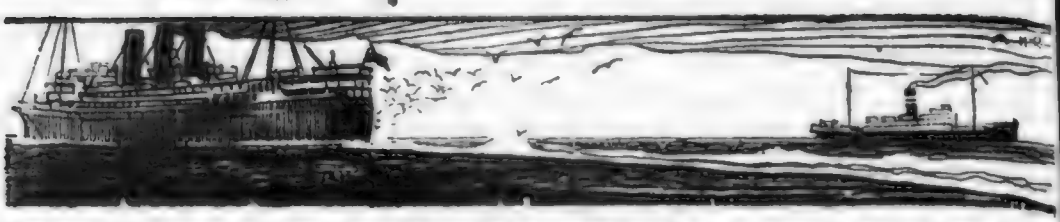
manner of all parables, but useful in that it helps us to define the functions of these separate forms in the theatre.

Believing as I do that the ultimate business of all art is this exalted one of quickening consciousness to the fullest possible understanding, I hold a brief for these newer plays. They are getting back to the primal urge in drama, and endeavouring to bring us face to face with the Gods, in whatsoever form these divinities may be clothed for presentation to our time. It would appear, therefore, that I should stand for such a play as *The Second Round* as opposed to *The Little Minister*, if such far-fetched comparison were not altogether odious. Temperamentally, this is what in fact happens; yet I confess to having enjoyed myself more in witnessing Barrie's piece than in seeing Glover's. Why? It is not certainly that I am adversely influenced by a painful play, for, in common with most people, I find happiness profoundly boring and struggle profoundly exhilarating. Rather is it that the newer plays are so often comparatively inarticulate, the old ones so perfectly phrased. One is brought up against the problem of technique, and it must be allowed that too often the dramatists of the more commonplace themes and lesser planes of thought achieve heights of expression. Barrie's stagework is unerring. He builds up every effect with a hundred subtle touches. One feels that his actors and actresses must bless him continually for the happy things he gives them to do, the jolly things he gives them to say; that his producer must find his task eased at every turn by Barrie's unswerving instinct for the effective thing. At the Everyman this lack of sureness of touch allowed our interest to wander. A fine passage of the play would capture it again, but in the interim we had asked whether the greatest dramatic effect was possible when the protagonist was so near lunatic, and drunk at that. We had asked why the improbable love at first sight of the unconvincing Smith had been allowed to confuse the issue; we had queried, "Why Deptford?" when it was obviously not, nor ever could be, Deptford; we had regretted that lack of humour which gives the only laugh of the evening to a quotation from the Gloomy Dean; we had disliked the spectacle of incessant rum-drinking and Paul's defence of it, and we had noticed

that the action of the play is actually held up to permit of drawing the corks. In our hearts we know that Barrie and Pinero, Sutro and Henry Arthur Jones may deal with out-moded themes, but their craftsmanship is beyond cavil. Halcott Glover has a cast of mind which takes him well out beyond their themes, as his earlier fine plays have shown, as this one shows again. If he can achieve their certainty of craftsmanship, their clarity of technical expression, the race is to him. Even handicapped thus, he has given a notable piece of work, which, with Michael Sherbrooke interpreting the protagonist, should attract playgoers to Hampstead.

Postscript: Upon "The Lie" and Theatrical Realism.

One further play demands attention in a consideration of this kind. *The Lie*, Henry Arthur Jones's recently produced piece at the New Theatre, has not only established itself as a success from the box-office viewpoint, but is well within the category of serious drama. "Serious" in the sense that Henry Arthur Jones has treated his work in that spirit, even the humour with which the piece abounds. Serious, too, in that the author has projected a problem in human relationships and dealt with it in the terms of the theatre. Again it is the mastery of an old hand at drama which strikes one. The actual problem, the story around which the play is woven, is ingenious, built up, theatrical; its accidentals are too incredible for one to think of it as real in the sense that Chechov is real. It is purely theatrical in the terms of the tradition for which its author stands; a personal problem projected into giant proportions so that during the two-hours traffic of the stage we are held and thrilled. In his truth to the characters created, in his instinct for the stage and the public demands of the theatre, in his courage in handling big scenes, and so giving his players magnificent chances, Henry Arthur Jones has achieved a work of undoubted art in its own *genre*. With Sybil Thorndike and Mary Merrall in the leading parts, taking every opportunity the author has provided, the play becomes a *tour de force* in theatrical realism—something apart from life still, but splendid in itself.



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NUMBER ONE JOY STREET. A Children's Annual. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 6*s.* net.

EVERY Christmas there is a spate of gift books from which one chooses with difficulty in a general level of excellence. To notice the adolescent story book—those novels of school and adventure with their alluring jackets and illustrations—would take until Christmas next. One looks for known names—Angela Brazil, Bessie Marchant, May Wynne, and their male congeners—and knows that the 3*s.* 6*d.* or so is judiciously spent, so our little list contains only picture books and story books which are not novels, but which have high qualities to recommend them—not children's books for grown-ups in any case except perhaps that of Mr. Belloc, who knows how to appeal to young and old at once. Of story books. "Michael Fairless's" *Stories told to Children* well deserves republication in its present capital form, with delightful colour illustrations by Miss Flora White. The simple humour of these merry fairy tales and their underlying moral, delicately pointed out in the preface, makes this book a perennial favourite with parents and children alike. *The Mary Francis Story Book* is a little girl's adventures amongst story people, very well done and capitally illustrated. In *Once Upon a Time* Miss Blanche Winder retells the stories from ancient Greece and Rome very pleasantly in large print, with forty-eight delightful full-page colour pictures by Mr. Harry Theaker—a pleasant introduction to classical mythology. *The Memoirs of a London Doll*, introduced by Marion St. John Webb, is the revival of a story of grandmother's day, with all the pleasing, quaint sincerity of long ago. Maria, the doll, has many adventures and vicissitudes which the more sophisticated children of to-day will delight in. Miss E. L. Brock's illustrations catch the proper Early Victorian spirit and help the fun. Insect life is full of wonder and romance, as the late Henri Fabre demonstrated in these pages; so a book about these tiny workers, profusely

illustrated and suited to the young reader, is a real addition to the juvenile library. Mr. G. Glenwood Clark tells these life stories with real knowledge and literary skill, making this book one to remember. Since Brer Rabbit the bunny has become a nursery hero of renown, so Miss Low's stories of Bunny Bobtail's adventures strike a happy and popular note. The well-told tales and funny pictures make this a capital gift book for young children. *Wonder Tales of the East* gives selected stories from Egypt, Mesopotamia, Old Japan, and other sources, with good pictures by Mr. Warwick Reynolds, whilst the little picture story book, *The Twins and Tabbifa*, is one of those simple child and animal stories with the high quality of pictorial and verbal appeal. The handsome " Wonder Books " are eagerly looked for; the one quoted above is like all the rest, remarkably well done, full of capital photographs and artistic colour plates, all written by experts in their subjects and in the inquiring mind. *The Girls' Annual* is an excellent miscellany of stories, pictures, and hints on games and occupations, a volume of established repute. *The Littlest One* has taken hold upon so many of us that a musical setting to Marion St. John Webb's jolly little poems is welcome. Dr. Dunstan's music is tuneful and pleasing, and the colour pictures by Margaret Tarrant and Kathleen Nixon are graceful and pleasing. In *Tinkelly Winkie* Miss Netta Syrett gives us a story of three children who are brought together by lessons and recognise in each other some forgotten familiarity through dream memories. This goes deep enough to add the charm of mysticism to a thoroughly wholesome set of adventures on two planes, a charm which the young mind finds enthralling. The illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Marcia Lane Foster are admirably in the atmosphere. Mr. E. S. Munro's *Topsy Turvy Tales* is a set of twelve very diverting wonder stories of the world of to-day. Mr. Heath Robinson's illustrations exactly fit the whimsicality of the stories and their personages. The result of this happy collaboration is a book of rare quality. Those boys who take a really intelligent interest in railways, that is, most boys of to-day, will find *Railways for All*, with its hundred photographs, a complete *vade mecum*. A brief history of the locomotive (with pictures) is followed by a complete course of railway lore and a gallery of all the world's curiosities and triumphs in engine building and running. A full and authoritative book, simply and directly written in brief sections by an enthusiast who knows his subject completely. A book which most boys will get by hook or by crook. Of picture books pure and simple Mr. Frank Adams makes the old classic, *Sing a Song of Sixpence*, into an animated mediæval history with his funny colour pictures. *Number One Joy Street* is, what it is advertised to be, really a book for boys and girls by the best living writers for children; full of new stories and poems and copiously illustrated. The drawings of Alec Buckels and D. Hutton in particular seem to herald a return to the days when children's books were really well pictured, the 'sixties, when children were brought up on such woodcuts as those in Dalziel's *Arabian Nights*. Mr. De la Mare's story is very charming, although it may perhaps make young children cry. Rose Fyleman is, of course, an old favourite, like Hilaire Belloc, whose new " Cautionary Tale "

is as good as any of its predecessors. The stories which seem the most likely to find favour in the nursery are those of Eleanor Farjeon and Mabel Marlowe. This annual should have a very wide appeal; it is an extraordinarily good six-shillingsworth.

A New Magazine for Children.

Messrs. Blackwell of Oxford are issuing a monthly children's paper called the *Merry-go-round*. The first number contains, besides a cutting-out picture game and a singing game, contributions by A. A. Milne, Eleanor Farjeon, and others. The illustrations are excellent, and Miss Rose Fyleman is the editor.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman. By Rosalind Travers Hyndman. Grant Richards. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Shaw once called Hyndman "Bayard educated by Marx," an epigram which is a gem of comprehension. This *Last Years*, written by the wife of his maturity and old age, now herself passed over, gives most admirably the lovable side of this leonine man, who, in spite of his convictions, as well as because of them, was held in affection by a wide circle of notable men and women, and during his long and

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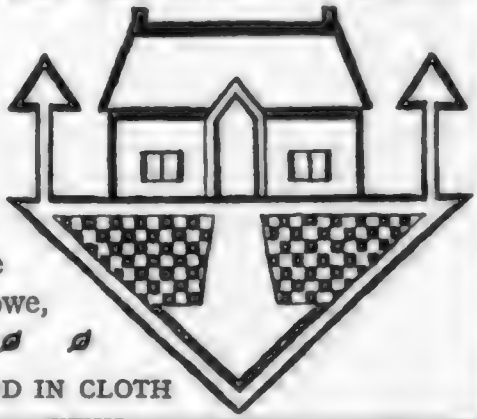

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ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY. By HIS HONOUR JUDGE EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. T. Fisher Unwin. 5*s*.

NEARLY everyone is interested in the Law, that intricate and vast system of fortifications which, during many centuries, Society has been building to defend itself against the evil-doer; and so everyone will be interested in Judge Parry's book, *The Seven Lamps of Advocacy*. These are the Seven: Honesty, Courage, Industry, Wit, Eloquence, Judgment and Fellowship; a goodly catalogue. Judge Parry himself holds up an eighth lamp, Illumination, in whose radiance the layman is led to consider the component parts of that great tradition which makes English justice unique and envied of the rest of the world. Its lustre is not dimmed because there are lapses from the ideal. What Judge Parry is really doing is to show that advocacy, the business of the barrister, is an art, and that the success of the advocate depends upon the degree in which he regards advocacy as a work of art; a work, that is, which must be as good as he can make it. Will not the Judge, in the next edition of his admirable book, synthesise his analysis, in one hard and gem-like flame?

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THE SANDS OF TIME. Recollections and Reflections. By WALTER SICHEL. Hutchinson and Co. 18*s*.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Sichel's reminiscences cover much the same epoch as the recollections of Mr. Pett Ridge, the London of Mr. Sichel differs wholly from Mr. Pett Ridge's London. Born into a wealthy, cultivated middle-class society, Mr. Sichel from his childhood moved among the eminent persons of the Victorian era: musicians, painters, writers, actors; Bench and Bar; politicians and journalists. In a word, Harrow and Oxford. It was an age in which men were content to be great without being notorious; and Mr. Sichel's friends and acquaintances are very pleasant to meet in his pages, which are to be praised as highly for what his good taste omits, as for his wit and skill in delineation.

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THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 3 vols. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 31*s*. 6*d*.

THESE collected writings of Professor Saintsbury are good value. They cover a wide range; they are the considered judgments of a scholar working at ease and leisure; they reflect a very hallowed and balanced mind, which is not often deflected from its set purpose of criticism. In this respect they are extraordinarily successful. The author is rarely personal, except possibly where other critics are concerned,

namely, Matthew Arnold, against whom he cannot refrain from a tilt. He was a confirmed Tory as opposed to "Matt's" Philistinism; otherwise, his opinions are singularly sound, and his meed of praise and disfavour consistently moderate and impartial and judicial. Perhaps, as critic, that is his weakness. He is too judicial.

As writer, he lacks tone; he is not inspiring, and, because of that quality or defect, he just falls short of creative criticism, which was the specific genius of De Quincey. Nor is he a stylist. In places even he lapses into tags, into ugly sentences, into heaviness and clumsiness of phrase, and never does he carry one away.

On the other hand, his critical acumen is admirable. His essays on style, on the novel, on prose, on Scott, Tennyson, Ruskin, Praed, Hood, Hazlitt, Cobbett, Moore, Dante, Landor, etc., are excellent and valuable, and one becomes affectionate towards this sorter out of reputations and values, feeling that in such capable hands labels will be trustworthy and writers placed in their right pigeon-holes. Indeed, one finds little to criticise He is no Saint-Beuve, to be sure: he is not making literature. He is an indefatigable, scrupulously exact and learned appraiser of the written word, without himself adding lustre to the art which he so religiously and unerringly values, like a judge dissecting evidence. These volumes should be invaluable to writers

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for that reason. The Professor is never biassed or unfair or passionate, which latter is the weakness of nearly all literary criticism, and one can never say: "Ah! this is a favourite," or "That is a pet abomination," of the Professor. Perhaps, where Ruskin is concerned, the critic fails to see the prophetic wisdom of what he calls his "curious" flights into moral or social law. If the Professor would re-read *Unto this Last* and take stock of the post-war world, he might change a point or two there. It is a pity there is no index. To sum up, the Professor is impeccable. He is President of the literary sorting-out office.

THE FRIENDS OF ENGLAND. By SIR IAN HAMILTON. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. *7s. 6d.*

ONE learns with astonishment that this volume of lectures given to members of the British Legion had difficulty in finding a publisher. Are publishers, too, under the heel of France? At any rate, here is the book, quite sensational in its human appeals to man, written in a rollicking way, which yet contrives to have a charm, and almost a style. The book has an arresting title, and the General deals with Europe frankly as a military proposition. Of course, this is by no means the whole word, but what the author says is undoubtedly true. Europe is built for war, and, militarily, badly built. But the importance of this outburst of courageous vanity lies in its moral emotionalism. As Sir Ian puts it, the British on the Rhine are the "lifebelt" of Western civilisation. He is strongly against the French Ruhr policy, and he makes a bold demand for an international accord of peace and reconstruction. The most interesting section deals with Russia. Sir Ian is admirable on the Russians, whom he understands. People will find in this rousing tome food for reflection and stimulating enquiry.

THE SAYINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN. Lane. *16s.* net.

MR. CHAMBERLIN gives with one hand, and withholds with the other. He is enthusiastic but careless, sometimes classifies badly, accepts debatable matter, omits valuable, and cuts up utterances that need their context. There is also a weakness in the one-sided method that his interpolations fail to remedy. Even Elizabeth's detractors could hardly hope for a more unfair presentation of her eighteen years' preservation of Mary's life than appears here. We need Mary's letters and words to prove the uselessness of forbearance towards a born mischiefmaker.

For the debatable matter, it must be remembered that speeches which have passed through several mouths need weighing. Jacobean historians were often sycophantic. To prove how high feeling still runs a book has been published this very year giving a letter of Elizabeth's with one word altered, so as to distort the meaning. How much more so, then, when that great heretic was a living memory.

Perhaps some day an historian will rise to point out the defection of the famous Association, which behaved about as ingloriously as Adam in the Garden of Eden. Among the regrettable omissions is the Armada Thanksgiving Prayer, with its thrilling invocation for "this my

kingdom," that it may flourish "many ages after my end." A book to be read, and in future editions supplemented.

FICTION.

COLLEGE DAYS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Lane. 5s. net.

SOME day we shall probably learn that the bacillus of youth in the air of universities can be as tonic as monkey glands to such dons as are not immunised by corrective secretions of morbidity. How else account for the very special brand of humour which so many of them emit? In Mr. Leacock's case the transatlantic air of McGill broadens and humanises this perennial flow of fun and high spirits, but, as he very truly observes, "all colleges are in a measure alike, and what is said of one is true of all." His "Odes for College Dinners," his "English as She is Taught at College," his "Diversions of a Professor of History," indeed, all his papers dug up from various college publications, teem with the jolly irresponsibility of youth and go home to those who respond to the daring of the austere gods in their own Olympus. But one does not need to be 'Varsity to appreciate this lively set of relaxations, the trail of a paper-chase which has made Stephen Leacock's name the signal for smiling anticipation of happy fun.

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THE TORCH. By ALBERT KINROSS. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. ALBERT KINROSS has written a straightforward book—a story of Fleet Street life in the eighteen-nineties, told in the synthetic style which made the earlier English novels rather than the analytic manner of post-Freudian days. He deals with action primarily, and is not very concerned with the springs of action. Art, love, and friendship, the adventure of piloting a Review down the mid-channel of *fin-de-siècle* literature and thought, and of piloting a life from a prosperous family circle into Bohemianism and back again into the havens of trade and marriage; this is the framework of the story. Nothing thrilling happens; in this it is real rather than realistic. There is but the slightest unsmoothness in the course of Geoffrey Lushington's true love, never enough to put us in any doubt as to its consummation. The book is like that; its interest centres not in conflict and difficulties, but in the unfolding and fulfilling of life. So that one has leisure to examine its by-products: the picture of that London which still knew hansom cabs and horse 'buses, and of that world which struggled in the toils of *The Yellow Book*; the characterisation of Armine Dale the honest journalist, of Nicholson the Bohemian, of Gwen Nelson, and of Mavis whose "eyes remembered all the world." These things are presented with humour and enthusiasm which makes them live. Enthusiasm. That is the doctrine of Armine Dale, enthusiasm for sound art and literature, for nature, for England, for honesty and straight-dealing; and attuned to that keynote the simple story becomes significant.

TANTALUS. By DOROTHY EASTON. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE tragic crown of tragedy is that it should fail in dignity, so the author who dares such a fate for her hero takes up a burden hard to be borne. To triumph in such a cause is to triumph indeed; to write one's name pretty high in authorship, amongst the very elect. Thus we welcome Miss Dorothy Easton into her kingdom on the strength of her first long book, not faultless, but amazingly good in subtlety, in colour, and in gentle irony. The illicit romance of Daniel Jennifer, a middle-aged priest, and the twenty-year-old Simonne Dubois, is an attractively disturbing flower in a wonderfully suggested clerical landscape; a flower which blooms as imperceptibly and inevitably as flowers do: beautiful, fragile, and doomed to destruction. The awakening of a good man's very soul to realities, and his dreadful realisation of his sacred commitments, is the tragic note which runs through scenes from pastoral life done with sympathetic irony and pleasing malice, exquisitely illuminated with cloud, and wind, and tree—scenery which really acts. *Tantalus* is, at the very least, a remarkable first novel—the first, one hopes, of many.

THE LOG OF THE ARK. By KENNETH WALKER and GEOFFREY M. BOUMPHREY. Constable. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE genius of Nuremberg and the higher criticism have, together, made an excellent joke of what used to be called the Noachian Deluge;

but it is still an amazing story, with a remarkable hold upon the mind of the child. This being so, the subject of this rather ponderous "log" needs no excuse, whilst its elaboration, with photographs of well-faked cave inscriptions and their translations by author and artist give the desired actuality to the story of the floating menagerie. One can imagine the unsophisticated child enjoying the elaboration of this narrative, unpuzzled by any subtlety of wit by which authors for the young often offend the serious mind of childhood. For the chosen child this book will be a treasure.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

VALOUR AND VISION: POEMS OF THE WAR. Collected and Edited by JACQUELINE T. TROTTER. Martin Hopkinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 11*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS anthology of nearly 150 war poems by ninety-nine different writers is divided into five sections to correspond with the five years of the war, beginning, as the editor maintains, on a note of Valour, and ending with the voice of Vision. Miss Trotter explains in the preface that "wherever a poem appears to strike a true note or express a living emotion, it has not been rejected on account of failure of form, but has been allowed a place among others to which the highest literary standard can be applied." Sincerity is her touchstone, and few if any of the poems in her collection lack what is generally conceded to be the primary requisite of poetry.

What does a reader demand from an anthology? First, no doubt, he expects to greet dear, familiar friends. In this respect *Valour and Vision* is not wanting. Rupert Brooke's five sonnets are here, with Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle," William Noel Hodgson's "Before Action," John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," and R. E. Vernède's "Before the Assault"—to mention some only of the writers who died. Miss Trotter justifies her claim that, with one stated exception, "all the most famous war poems are to be found in this book."

Next, the reader of an anthology asks to be re-introduced to poems that he has chanced upon in casual reading, but whose track he has

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lost. Where the net has been flung so wide as to include five hundred volumes of poems besides newspapers and magazines, it would be strange if this demand, too, were not here often satisfied.

Finally, there is the reader who, lacking time or inclination for independent adventure, asks the anthologist to conduct him to what is worth while. Here again the present volume amply satisfies the demand, except that perhaps one might wish that more of the sea story could have been included. In a collection of this kind no one would expect to find every poem a masterpiece, even within the limits set by the editor, but there are very few indeed whose exclusion one would not regret.

If it be asserted that no one nowadays wants to read about the war, the answer is that the present edition is the second, since the first, published in 1920, was exhausted some while since. Any profits accruing to the editor from the sale of the volume are to be given to the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society

THE SCHOOL OF POETRY. By ALICE MEYNELL. W. Collins and Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN September of last year Alice Meynell wrote the introduction to this completed anthology for young readers—a selection to which the publisher has wisely added her own exquisite "Shepherdess." Who better than she could order this food for the minds and hearts of her flock of lambs from ten to fourteen—"she feeds them on the fragrant heights" of noble and beautiful poetry, with what she has modestly called "a little fingerpost pointing to the quality" at the head of each selection. There would have been matter, as the poetess tells us, for fifty such books; the more fortunate, we, to have Alice Meynell's first choice in this compact and pleasant form. *The School of Poetry* begins with the gallant old ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," takes in a galaxy of exquisite things, and ends with gems from the modern sea of verse—many of them beautiful things which the world has let slip through its fingers. An autotype portrait of Mrs. Meynell taken shortly before her death is a valued frontispiece to this delightful book.

¶ WE regret that in our November reviews Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, *Don Juan de Marana*, was attributed to the wrong publisher; it is Mr. T. Werner Laurie who should have been named as the publisher of this delightful production.

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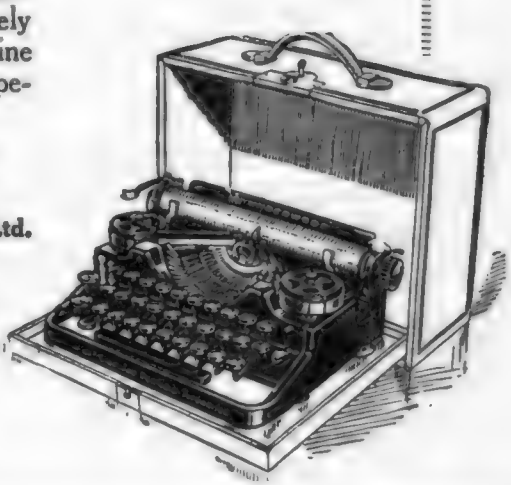

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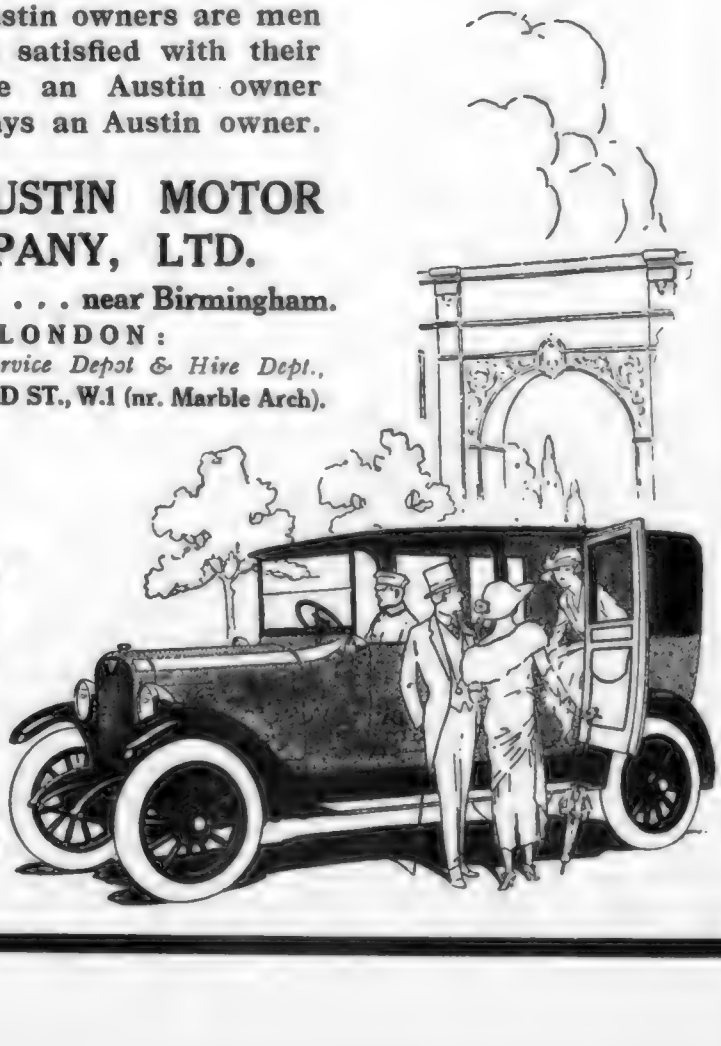

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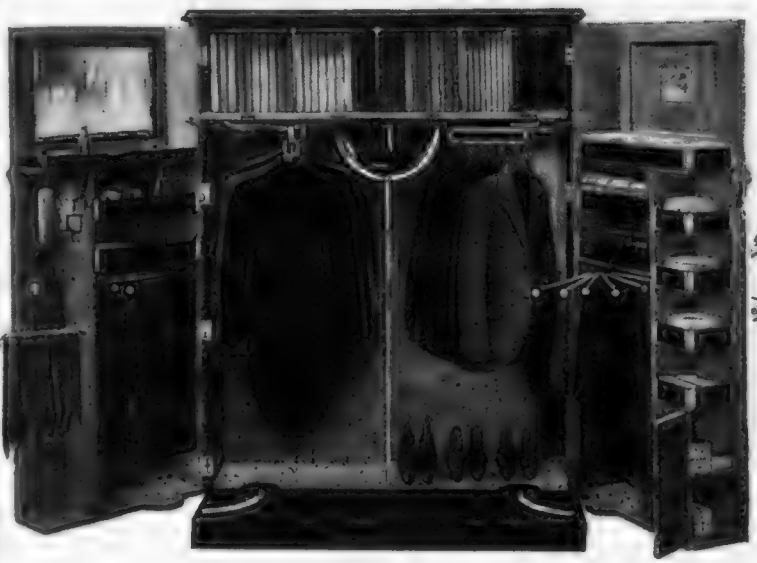

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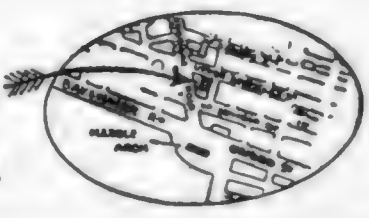

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By Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain.

Mistaken Identity

A JUSTIFIABLE PUFF

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I HATE the hypocrite. I pour contempt upon the liar. I detest the sycophant. I loathe the snob. Added to which I lacerate the vulgarian with his own weapons.

This is no cultured literary essay, decorated with polished cynicisms. It is a mere blatant statement of fact, bludgeoned out with no emotion.

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Because the business is perfectly organised, the prices charged for its productions are guineas cheaper than those of other tailoring houses of a like standard—if, indeed, there is any other of as high a standard. The House of Pope & Bradley does not care one iota whether other tailors charge more or less: it works on the highest quality and on a fixed margin of profit.

Middle-class snobs imagine that by paying more they must be getting something better. And trading liars and sycophants encourage this belief.

Matters are infinitely worse in the women's trade. It is possible to be charged fifty guineas for a certain Paris model in one shop, and purchase identically the same in another for thirty guineas.

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